THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOLY PARIS.

A Correspondent Who Has Roamed in Many Lands Says It Is the Most Moral City He Has Ever Lived In.

France Would Be a Magnificent Country to Live In, Only That It is as "Dear as the Devil."

PARIS, Nov. 4.—It is twenty-nine years since I lived in Paris, or was in it for more than a single day, passing through on my way to Bordeaux. No one but those that lived in Paris under the Empire, as I did, can form a just idea of all that has been done for it under the Republic. It has been from time immemorial the most beautiful city in the world, but its beauty is now so wondrous almost beyond conception, that it appears absolutely unearthly. Never has "the fair city of the Seine" been so beautiful. Much as was done for the beautifying of Paris under the Empire, a great deal more has been done in that line under the Republic. It is not in those parts of the city like the Champs Elysees and the Garden of the Tuileries, that have been wonders of beauty and of art for centuries, that those who knew Paris well in days gone by, see most of the changes for the better that have been made under the Republic. It is in the poorer quarters of the city that the changes for the better are most noticeable. In the quarter where I lived twenty-nine years ago, there were streets so abominably filthy and "smelly" that in walking through them one would require to have a *maide briste*, or broken stick, like that which is used often in an Irish cabin in place of a tongs, on his nose to prevent him from inhaling the vile smells that were so prevalent in them. But now those streets have been paved and cleaned so thoroughly that, in spite of their narrowness, they are as free from bad smells as the Tuileries Gardens. There may be said to be no slums in Paris now. No other city of its size on earth is so clean. It is a wonder of order, neatness, beauty and magnificence not to be found anywhere else on earth. It is alike the queen of cities and the wonder of the world.

Never since history began to be written has anything like the regeneration of France since her war with Germany, and her betrayal by "Napoleon the Little," been noticed or recorded. The entire nation seems to have tucked up their sleeves and girded up their loins to win back their position and their glory. It is not in Paris alone that one notices the marvelous industry and invincible spirit of the French people, for these things are to be seen in the provinces quite as much as in Paris. On coming here from Dieppe, I make a few days tour through the cities and towns of Normandy, and the industry, pluck, and never-say-die spirit of the people were as prominent in Rouen, Caen, Yvetot, etc., as in Paris. Rouen has been made a seaport since the war. Large ocean steamers can now ascend the Seine up to the city. Twenty years ago the river was hardly navigable for vessels any larger than the fragile boats of the ancient vikings. All over France the cry seems to have gone up to heaven, Work, work, and show the world the stuff that Frenchmen are make of.

A stranger coming here for the first time can not know all that has been accomplished in Paris and in France since the establishment of the Republic. The waterworks that have been completed here during the last twenty years, are among the most wonderful things of the kind in the world. Formerly Paris had hardly any drinking-water but that of the Seine. There were no large lakes or rivers in the vicinity of the city from which a supply of water could be had. But when men are determined, they can do almost anything. Every little rivulet in the environs of Paris was dammed up, tiny reservoirs were made all around the city, and now Paris has probably a better water supply than any other city in Europe. Even in 1893, when there was a water famine in almost every city in Great Britain and Ireland, Paris had an abundant supply.

During the Empire, it was the quarters where the rich people lived that were beautified; very little attention was paid to the quarters where the poor lived, except to make it difficult to throw up barricades in them during times of revolution; but the Republic has given more attention to the cleaning and paving of the narrow streets occupied by the poor, than to any other things connected with the improvement of the city. There have, however, been some of the most magnificent works of art in the world erected in Paris since the establishment of the Republic. Among them the statue of the Republic is the most remarkable. It is considered to be the finest monument of its kind in the world.

The English, and more to be lamented still, the American press, have been horribly, frightfully unjust to France since she became a Republic, for they have never fully or heartily acknowledged what France has accomplished since she shook off the nightmare of monarchy. It is simply horrible to think how men will let their prejudices get the better of their judgment, and hinder them from acknowledging the truth. It is perhaps well for the French that so few of them know the English language; for if they knew all the monstrous lies that English scribbling scoundrels have been writing about them for over a hundred years, they would have to consider every English-speaking man, woman or child as their mortal enemy. Thanks to this systematic misrepresentation, there is no country in the world about which so many false notions are current as there are about France. We have been hearing from our youth that the French were the most flighty, fickle and unsteady people on earth. This is a horrible English-begotten lie, for they are probably the most steady of purpose, and most doggedly persevering people in the world. It is those qualities of steadiness and perseverance that have enabled France to survive troubles and catastrophes that would have blotted out forever the nation in which they were absent.

England and English writers have been for centuries slanderers of the body and soul of France. They are everlastingly repeating that the French are a nation of dwarfs. Anyone that had seen as I have seen for the last three Sunday evenings, about half a million of French people walking and driving in the great avenues of the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne, and who would say they were a dwarfish race, would deserve to have his tongue considerably shortened. I have been in almost every great city of America and of Great Britain, but in none of them have I ever seen so large a number of good-sized, healthy-looking people as are to be seen in the localities mentioned in Paris on a fine Sunday evening. One might see more very tall men in an American large crowd than in a French one of the same size; but the French crowd would certainly have more healthy-looking, robust men in it than the American one. In fact it was only at the horse show in Dublin that I ever saw a finer body of men and women than I saw last Sunday evening in the Champs Elysees. So much for English body-slandering of the French. What makes many think that the French are a very small race is the fact that there are so many small men in the French army. The French military authorities have found out that a man of five feet two inches is quite as useful a soldier as a man of six feet; consequently no man, of even five feet high, is now rejected, provided he is strong and healthy.

According to most of those English writers who have written about Paris, it is the most shamelessly wicked city on earth, Sodom and Gomorrah being New Jerusalems compared to it. I know something about English cities, and about American ones also have lived in many of them, but have never lived in so moral a city as Paris. The people of Paris, and of France, are by no means saints, except by contrast; but contrasted with the blaspheming, foul-mouthed brutal *canaille* of London and New York, they are saints indeed. You would hear more swearing and more bad language generally in one day in an English or American city than you'd hear in seven years in Paris. As to the "social evil," it, of course, exists here as in every other city in the world; but it is not the open, shameless thing that it is in all English and in *some* Irish cities. I am sorry to say that Dublin, which I look on as my native city, is the worst place in respect to the "social evil" in which I have ever lived. But the sin rests not with Ireland but with England, for it is the brutal English soldiery who cause the principal thoroughfares of Dublin to be almost impassable for a virtuous woman after 10 o'clock at night. I have seen at no very late hour in Grafton street, one of the most crowded streets of Dublin, such scenes between soldiers and abandoned women as would not be tolerated for a moment in the most backward alley in Paris. The worst feature of the matter is that the police in Dublin will not arrest the soldiers, no matter what the latter do. The soldiers in Dublin have turned it into the most disgustingly horrible city in the world in the matter of the "social evil," and the cowardly, emasculated Dublin press, Catholic and Protestant, Parnellite and anti-Parnellite, seems afraid to utter a word about the doings of the red-coats. What the citizens of Dublin should do, is to take the matter in their own hands, sally out when these beastly soldiers are hugging harlots in the open streets, and arrest both soldiers and women, for it is evident that the police have orders not to interfere with them.

There is not a paper in Dublin that would dare to print what I have said in the last paragraph about the pranks of the British soldiers in the streets of Dublin; but I challenge anyone and all of them to disprove its truth.

Ever since the death of the Czar of Russia, Paris has been in mourning. Up to the day of the funeral every street was decked with hundreds of French flags in mourning drapery. It may seem strange on your side of the sea that there should be such a bond of sympathy between an absolute monarchy and a republic; but France has a right to love Russia, for it is Russia, and Russia alone, that has saved France from German invasion, and it is Russia that makes a republican form of government possible in France.

France would be the most delightful country in the world to live in were it not for the dearness of the necessaries of life. The debt of France is so great that almost everything has to be taxed to pay the interest on it, but so intense is the patriotism of the people that they never grumble. I must leave the description of the tomb of Napoleon, the cemetery of Pere Le Chaise, etc., for a future letter.

T. O. R.

Low Rate Excursions to the West.

On Dec 4 and 18, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets from stations in Illinois and Iowa to points in Nebraska, Wyoming and the Black Hills district of South Dakota at very low rates for the round trip; tickets good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of sale. For tickets and detailed information apply to agents of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

REFUGE OF NATIONS.

Such Is America, Land of the Free and Home of the Brave and the Beautiful.

Germany and Ireland Lead in the Matter of Popular Supply—The British Lag Hopelessly In Rear.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—According to a special report just published by the census bureau there were 20,676,046 persons of foreign parentage in the United States in 1890. That is, one or both of the parents of each of the persons were foreign born. This was nearly one-third of the entire population of the country, or 33.02 per cent. In 1880 the percentage of persons having foreign-born parents was only 29.75 and in 1870 it was only 28.25 per cent. Hence it must be inferred that immigration has steadily increased in the last twenty years.

The greatest percentage is shown by North Dakota, 78.98 per cent, or over three-fourths of the population being of foreign parentage. Minnesota is a close second with 75.42 per cent, and Wisconsin ranks third with 73.69 per cent. The smallest percentage of foreign-born persons is shown by North Carolina, which has only seven-tenths of 1 per cent. In South Carolina it is 1.53 per cent and in Georgia it is 1.78 per cent. The southern states generally show a large percentage of native-born population, the largest percentage of foreign-born population in the south being in Texas, where it is 15.13 per cent. Louisiana is next with only 13.34 per cent. In Mississippi, Alabama and Virginia the population of foreign parentage is less than 3 per cent. In the southern states, with the exception of Arkansas, Texas, Alabama and Tennessee, the percentage of foreign-born population has decreased since 1870, showing that practically no immigration has reached that section.

In Illinois, where the total population in 1890 was 3,826,351, the persons of foreign parentage numbered 1,877,226, or 49.06 per cent. This is an increase over 1880, which was even greater than 1870. Chicago contributes largely to the increased percentage of Illinois, for while the total population of the city in 1890 was 1,099,850, the number of persons of foreign parentage was 856,754, or 77.9 per cent.

In New York city, as well as in Chicago, practically four-fifths of the total population in 1890 was of foreign parentage, the exact percentage for New York being 80.46. Of the other cities having a population of 400,000 or more the percentages were 56.58 for Philadelphia, 71.04 for Brooklyn, 67.46 for St. Louis, 67.96 for Boston and 41.67 for Baltimore.

Of all the cities considered, the largest percentage was found in Milwaukee, Wis., where 86.36 per cent of its population in 1890 was of foreign parentage. The next largest percentages were found in Holyoke and Fall River, Mass., where 82.98 per cent and 82.71 per cent, respectively, were of foreign parentage. Lawrence, in the same state, had also 79.88 per cent of foreign parentage. Hoboken, N. J., had 81.46 per cent of its population of foreign parentage, and Long Island City, N. Y., 80.62 per cent, or practically the same as New York city. Other cities which had at least 75 per cent of their population of foreign parentage in 1890 were San Francisco, with 78.15 per cent; Detroit and Bay City, Mich., with 77.17 per cent and 76.20 per cent respectively; Buffalo, with 77.11 per cent; Scranton, Pa., with 75.23 per cent; Duluth and St. Paul, Minn., with 75.21 per cent and 75.14 per cent, respectively, and Cleveland, O., with 74.98 per cent.

According to the report the white persons in 1890 who had both parents born in Germany numbered 5,776,186, or 28.15 per cent of the whole number of white persons of foreign parentage, and those who had one parent born in Germany and one parent native 1,075,378, or 5.24 per cent, these two classes combined numbering 6,851,564 and constituting 33.39 per cent.

The whole number of white persons who had both parents born in Ireland was 4,142,199, or 20.18 per cent, and those who had one parent so born and one parent native, 771,039, or 73.6 per cent, making a combined total of 4,913,238, or 23.94 per cent. Taken together, white persons of German and Irish parentage, as just defined, constituted in 1890 considerably more than one-half of all white persons of foreign parentage.

White persons of English parentage numbered 1,922,638, or 9.37 per cent of all white persons of foreign parentage. Those having both parents born in England numbering 1,330,123 and constituting 6.48 per cent, and those having one parent born in England and one native parent, 592,415, or 28.89 per cent, including those of Scotch and Welsh extraction, the entire element of British parentage constituted 13.08 per cent.

Of the remaining nationalities, white persons of British-American parentage, combining those of English-Canadian and French-Canadian extraction, constituted 7.06 per cent, and those of Scandinavian parentage, including Denmark, 7.49 per cent, while persons of Bohemian, French, Italian and Russian parentage constituted, in each case, a little more than 1 per cent, while those of Hungarian parentage constituted a little more than one-third of 1 per cent. Those having one or both parents born in other countries not specified, constituted 5.43 per cent, and, as previously stated, those of mixed foreign parentage, 4.49 per cent.

The white persons of German parentage constituted 10.49 per cent of the total population in 1890, and those of Irish parentage 7.85 per cent. White persons of English parentage constituted 3.07 per cent of the entire population, while if those of Scotch and Welsh parentage are included, those of British parentage constitute 4.28 per cent. White persons of British-American parentage constituted 2.32 per cent of the total population, and those of Scandinavian parentage 2.45 per cent.

The Germans are found in greatest proportions in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri. The Irish are found in the greatest numbers in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Utah shows the largest percentage of persons of English parentage, and the Scandinavians prevail in greatest numbers in Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Washington and Illinois.

In Illinois the percentage of persons of Irish parentage is 18.12; of German, 42.74; English, 8.36, and Swede, 7.06. Chicago has 19.86 per cent Irish, 37.35 per cent German, 5.74 English, 1.97 Scotch, 3.21 Canadian, and 7.06 Swede.

Breakers Ahead!

Prudence, foresight, that might have saved many a good ship that has gone to pieces among the breakers, is a quality "conspicuous by its absence" among many classes of invalids, and among none more notably than persons troubled with inactivity of the kidneys and bladder. When these organs fall off in duty grievous trouble is to be apprehended. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh and stone in the bladder, are among the diseases which a disregard of early symptoms confirm and render fatal. That signally effectual diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will—and let no one so troubled forget this—remedy the symptoms of approaching renal disease and check its further progress. Equally efficacious is the Bitters for constipation, liver complaint, malarial and rheumatic trouble and debility.

MARTIN M'GARRY.

From the Irish of Carolan. Translated for THE CITIZEN

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

Hail! all men of spunk! there two hundred drunk,
And five hundred more here "in clover."
This banquet to share in (the grandest Erin),
Brave gallants from Spain have come over;
Flour-cakes by the ton were for each noble son
There of Ireland and France who took part in—
The feast, and together, distended their leather,
That night at the gay house of "Martin!"

The tables surmounting were ducks beyond counting—
The number consumed was prodigious;—
While piles of broiled chicken afforded nice pickin'
To people whose taste was fastidious;
This "jollification" outrivalled creation,"
For music, song, dancing and sporting;—
For "all sorts" of pleasure, and fun beyond measure—
To such as found leisure for courting.

The primest potheen and choice claret were seen—
With March-ale and gin on each table;
And dainty Greek wine to suit epicures fine—
Who strong drink to stand were unable:—
With long rows of bottles—in pints and in pottles,
And punch-jugs, each holding a quart in—
Of "Barley's distilling" to set their hearts thrilling
Who quaffed to the "health of brave Martin!"

When off to his bed each old toper was led,
His hand held a candlestick golden(?)
While "fairs-full" of "boys"—with song, frolic and noise—
The road took (but some the ditch rolled in);
"Old Sheelah" attended her foreign guests splendid,
'Till *six* each "shake-down" lay athwart in;
Then half Connacht's pipers—all seasoned old singers—
Reeled off—chanting praises of "Martin."

The above appeared in Gaelic in THE CITIZEN of Nov. 17.

For a Disordered Stomach.

"I have used four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and some of Hood's Vegetable Pills. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and for any disorder of the stomach." Mrs. John O. Keefe, 1221 Montana st., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

BRAVE "LORD EDWARD."

Interesting Sketch of the Best and Bravest of the Modern Geraldines.

Although He Had the Heart of a Lion, He Had a Woman's Soul of Tenderness, and Was Gentle as a Child.

We get a little cameo character sketch of "poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the most amiable, honorable, though misguided youth I ever knew," from the pen of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. She met the Leinster family, and with them Lord Edward, at Shane's Castle, the magnificent residence of the O'Neills, where she went to stay after the termination of her engagement at the Dublin Theatre in 1783. Another wonderful woman, celebrated in a different sphere from the great actress, Mary Aikenhead, the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, gives us an outline of Lord Edward's personal appearance as "a man of frank, gentlemanly address, middle height, and pleasant countenance, lighted up by a pair of eyes singularly dark and lustrous." When a price was on his head he had found shelter in her father's house at Daunt's square in Cork, where he passed as "a handsome Quaker." But his own letters give us a greater insight into his character than anything that has been written of him. We see the great boy-heart, ever fresh and pure, ready to receive impressions, and, if worthy, to preserve them indelibly. Love-letters in the sense of sentiments addressed to the object of his passion, portraying for her its depth, its fulness, and its history, Lord Edward has left none. His was the temperament with which affection ripens quickly, and from the night that he first beheld the pale, sweet face of Pamela through the *loge grille* in Paris until he became her husband a few short weeks after, the lover and the beloved met continually, and very few pretty sentiments came or went between them on paper. But in the many letters which passed between Lord Edward and his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, letters so full of simplicity and warm-heartedness, side by side with the abiding affection of a son, we have the passionate feelings of the lover. All things both great and small—from the weeney songbirds among the hills in Wicklow, and the sweet-scented flowers in his garden, up to his "Own darling Pam" and the "saucy little rascal of a baby," the first fruit of their marriage—are endeared to him by a thousand beautiful feelings generic with the sensitive side of his strong personality. These letters are full of charm, as Beaumont says:

There is no art in 'em;
They lie disordered in the paper
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

On the 2d of January, 1793, he had written to ask his mother's consent to his marriage, but whether his impatience permitted him to wait for a reply is not ascertainable, because a few days later, after the ceremony, he writes of his wife to his mother—"You must love her, she wants to be loved." Writing from Dublin in April, 1793, he points out to his mother that this differing in opinion with the people with whom he came in contact had not made things too agreeable: he and his wife have been "set down as a nest of traitors," but this does not change him much, "because I keep very quiet, do not go out very much, except to see my wife dance, and, in short, keep my breath to cool my porridge." This is the same letter in which he tells us what a charming dancer his wife was:

"DEAREST MOTHER—I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife; but I hope you will forgive us. She is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably and chatter so much in the morning that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay—a great number of balls, of which my lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her. I wish you could see her dance; you would delight in it—she dances so with all her heart and soul."

He tired of Dublin as a place of residence, because, as he himself says, "I own also I like *not* to be 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald, county of Kildare member,' etc., to be bored with 'This one is your brother's friend,' and 'That one voted against him.'" So he takes a house in Wicklow, where, "Thank God, there is not a gentleman nearer me than six miles, except young Mr. Tighe, whom I like." Finally he gets a residence to suit his requirements at Frascati, Blackrock, writing from which in May, 1793, he gives us another glimpse of his wife.

"DEAREST MOTHER—Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room, with the window open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered, and with the passage door open the room smells like a greenhouse. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower pots, and is now working at her frame while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frascati gave me—with your last dear letter to my wife before me. I dote on being with you anywhere, particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you leaning on me—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, your cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down to dig, talking all the time."

Again a few days later when a shadow had come into this sunny place, and Pamela, who had been taken suddenly ill, is convalescent, "lying on the couch in the little book-room," he writes:

"Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have the little green field mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house I have planted with tufts of gentianillas and primroses, and lilies of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreens. * * * In short, dearest mother, I only want you here, and the little wife well. Give my love to all the girls and Ogilvie. Tell them I long so to see them. I hope dear Ciss is quite well, and takes good long rides. I know she dotes on a fine spring ride. I was in hopes Pamela would have been able to ride with her when we met, but I am afraid we must give that up. Tell her we got the bracelets, and thank her very much. Good bye, dearest mother; I have said all my say. So bless you a thousand times. The dear little pale pretty wife sends her love to you."

Again, when temporarily he suffers dejection at the bare idea that all his work in the end will benefit "aides-de-camps, chaplains, and all such fellows" who followed a lord lieutenant who is negotiating for the purchase of his house, he enthusiastically praises the beauties of Mr. Connolly's lodge in Kildare, where he is sojourning for a short stay.

"My dear Pam dotes on it and becomes it too. She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her workbox with the little one's caps are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete."

And so on, through everyone of these letters the prominent figures are the little French wife, "my dear Pam," and the Dowager Duchess, "my dearest mother," but the "little ones" peep in and out also after the October in 1793, when his first son Edward was born.

"After all, I do think he is very pretty, though at first not at all so. Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face next its, and the pretty looks she gives it. I do not see much likeness in him to anybody. He has Pam's chin; the eyes blue, not like either of ours. However, at present one cannot say much, as he does not open them much."

Four years of this happy existence, and then sorrow and black treason came, until the cause for which Lord Edward died went down in the dust. Lying dying in the Castle, in a pool of his heart's blood, turning to Watson, the lord lieutenant's private secretary, his last words were ones of comfort and thought for Pamela, whose face he saw for the last time through the bars of his prison at Newgate.—*Irish Weekly Independent.*

What a Woman Can Do!

I want my lady friends to know of the new field now open for them. In the past 6 months we have made a profit of $907.02 after paying all expenses. All our sales have been made at home, not having canvassed any. My official duties calling me away most of the time, I left the Dish Washer business in my wife's control with the above results. The business is rapidly increasing, and will continue to grow until every family has a Climax Dish Washer. Not a day passes but what we sell one or two, and some days fifteen or twenty Dish Washers. It's easy selling what everybody wants to buy. You can wash and dry the dishes perfectly in two minutes. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Get a sample washer and you can't help but make money. They only cost $5. You may just as well be making $5 a day as to be doing nothing.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

This season at the Schiller is a notable one thus far. To judge from results up to date the house has swung into a full tide of popular attractions. Miss Marie Wainwright's engagement, in "The Daughters of Eve," ends with the present week.

Next week, commencing Sunday evening, Dec. 9, that favorite comedian Mr. Charles Dickson, whose growing popularity keeps pace with his marked artistic advancement, as one of the most proficient and amusing actors of today, will be seen at the Schiller in his entirely original and farcical play, "A Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Dickson, who is so well remembered here for his laughable and delightful "Ineog," comes to the Schiller for one week only. Wherever it has been seen, "A Jolly Good Fellow" has been well and even enthusiastically received.

Immediately succeeding "A Jolly Good Fellow" and beginning Sunday, Dec. 16, the delightful singer and accomplished operatic star Camille D'Arville with her splendidly equipped opera company, will produce the great operatic success of the season, "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards. "Madeleine" is distinctively an opera comique, and will be given a superb production at the Schiller.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, the two foremost stars of the tragic stage, who jointly as the Warde-James Company, have this season achieved a remarkable success in a repertory of Shakespearean characters, come to the Schiller the last of this month.

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

LAWMAKERS REASSEMBLE AT THE CAPITAL CITY.

The Last Session of the Fifty-Third Congress Opened with the Members in Their Seats Awaiting the Annual Message of President Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The secretary of the treasury has sent to the house of representatives his estimates of appropriations required for the service of the year ending June 30, 1896, which aggregate $410,435,979, as against $411,879,041 estimated for the present fiscal year.

Following is a recapitulation of the estimates by departments for 1896, with comparisons with the appropriations for 1895, cents omitted:

Departments.	Estimates 1896.	Appropriations 1895.
Legislative	$ 8,336,742	$ 10,377,617
Executive	119,540	194,024
State	19,70,528	2,008,218
Treasury	138,487,281	133,735,392
War	54,855,029	55,296,339
Navy	31,999,886	26,726,752
Interior	158,929,878	173,825,971
Postoffice	6,522,823	2,468,982
Agriculture	2,409,330	3,227,282
Labor	187,470	170,011
Justice	6,724,960	7,730,399
Grand totals	$410,435,079	$415,760,943

A Dull Day in Congress.

The above list of appropriations was, it may be said, the principal business that called together the national legislature in the second session of the Forty-third congress. But the matter that claimed the attention of members first was the expected president's message. Consequently it was, as it generally is on the opening day, a dull day in congress. The two houses took the usual action of sending a committee to the president to inform him that congress was in session ready to hear anything he had to offer, and the senate took a couple of recesses before the message arrived. While in their seats the members had little to do except look at the floral offerings which graced the desks of various members, the most notable of which was a huge shield of red, white and blue flowers placed on the desk of Senator Smith, of New Jersey.

Arrival of the President's Message.

It was about 1:30 p. m., before the message arrived, and both houses settled down to listen to what the president had to say. When the reading was completed the senate immediately proceeded to business and a number of resolutions were introduced and disposed of in due order. Among these were the following: Hoar, asking for information of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, and Blanchard, going further and proposing remonstrance and protest; George of Mississippi, for a cloture rule; Turpie for the election of senators by popular vote; Peffer, wanting to know why and by what authority the recent bond issue was made, and why troops were sent to Chicago during the strike. Some annual reports were then received and the senate adjourned.

The Proceedings in the House.

There were a few bills introduced in the house while waiting for the message. One was by Fithian that gross instead of net tonnage shall be used as the basis of computing tonnage taxes, reducing the 3 cent rate to 2 cents and the 6 cent rate to 5 cents. Hartman introduced a bill for free silver coinage, which requires duties to be paid in gold on goods coming from countries which refuse to mint silver free. The message was received without demonstration of any kind. The victorious Republicans and the defeated Democrats exchanged greetings and gave and took thrusts on the result of the recent political battle with much animation but thorough good nature.

Cheers for the Party Leaders.

The galleries were crowded, and half the desks on the floor were smothered with flowers, among those thus honored being Breckinridge of Kentucky. The leaders on both sides got enthusiastic receptions from their respective partisans, the appearance of Crisp, Reed, Wilson and Burrows being the signal for long and loud outbursts. Seven new members were sworn in. The death of the late Representative Wright, of Pennsylvania, was then announced, whereupon the house, as a mark of respect, adjourned.

Report of Secretary Smith.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The annual report of Secretary Smith, of the interior department, deals largely with Indian affairs, and he presents some practical suggestions for the development and civilization of the Sacs. Besides giving a succinct history of the progress of the Indian bureau during the past twelve months, the secretary reviews the problem of effective work for the advancement of the Indians. He discusses the subject of education and of allotments of land in severalty, and urges that the education of the Indians should be for the purpose of fitting them to perform the particular responsibilities most likely to fall to their after lot.

Trans-Mississippi Congress.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 30.—The Trans-Mississippi congress, led by Representative Bryan, adopted radical free silver and greenback resolutions and adjourned to Friday. At the conference of the Bimetallic League similar action was taken and also to organize Bimetallic Leagues in every city and town in the country.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 1.—The executive committee of the Trans-Mississippi congress at a meeting held last evening, again elected S. H. Whitmore, of this city, as its chairman. W. H. Culmer, of Utah, was chosen secretary of the committee and assistant secretary of the congress.

Death of a Georgia Ex-Governor.

ATLANTA, Dec. 1.—Ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown died at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was the Georgian "war governor," was chief justice of the supreme court, and was since the war United States senator. He had been in feeble health for some time. He was aged 73 years.

No Bill in the Tanner Case.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—The grand jury has returned "no bill" in the case of John R. Tanner, chairmain of the Republican state central committee, who was charged with criminal libel by Mayor Hopkins. The civil suit in which the mayor demands $50,000 damages is still pending.

Burns Talks to Gotham Workmen.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—John Burns, David Holmes, and William Benn, the English labor agitators, who are here to attend the Denver meeting of the Federation of Labor, spoke to a packed audience in Cooper Union last night. They were all loudly applauded.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

He Advocates a Change in the Currency System on the Baltimore Plan.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—President Cleveland's message covers the whole ground of executive action, leaving no department thereof untouched. The most important part is that referring to a change in the currency system, in which he advocates practically the "Baltimore" plan—a scheme devised at a meeting of bankers at Baltimore. Briefly this plan repeals the laws for the deposit of bonds as security for circulation, providing instead for a guaranty fund in legal tenders of 5 per cent. of the total circulation of the banks.

On the tariff he advocates the passage by the senate of the free iron and coal bills and the abolition of the differential duty on sugar from countries that pay a a bounty on exports of that product. This duty is what caused Germany to put an embargo on our beef products. Referring to the sugar industry he says: "If, with all the favor now accorded the sugar refining interest in our tariff laws, it still languishes to the extent of closing refineries and thousands of discharged workmen, it would seem to present a hopeless case for reasonable legislative aid."

The president puts in a word for free ships and advocates continued increase in the navy. The great Chicago strike is dismissed with a reference to the use of troops for the purpose of enabling the railways to start their trains, which he says was done satisfactorily and in obedience to the laws and constitution. He refers to the government's efforts to induce China and Japan to negotiate a peace, to the recognition of Hawaii, the treaty with Mexico and the Armenian outrages, as well as to the Brazilian rebellion, the death of the czar and other foreign matters, at considerable length.

The issue of bonds he stoutly defends. After stating the circumstances under which they were issued he says: "It is perfectly and palpably plain that the only way under present conditions by which this reserve when dangerously depleted, can be replenished, is through the issue and sale of the bonds of the government for gold, and yet congress has not only thus far declined to authorize the issue of bonds best suited to such a purpose, but there seems a disposition in some quarters to deny both the necessity and power for the issue of bonds at all. I cannot for a moment believe that any of our citizens are deliberately willing that their government should default in its pecuniary obligations or that its financial operations should be reduced to a silver basis.

"As long, therefore, as no provision is made for the final redemption or the putting aside of the currency obligation now used to repeatedly and constantly draw from the government its gold, and as long as no better authority for bond issues is allowed than at present exists, such authority will be utilized whenever and as often as it becomes necessary to maintain a sufficient gold reserve, and in abundant time to save the credit of our country and make good the financial declarations of our government."

With the exception of the currency, tariff and bond matters the message is largely a routine document.

THE DEFIANCE OF JUDGE PARKER.

Directed Against the Supreme Court of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4. — The supreme court room is packed these days by lawyers who are attracted by the application for a writ of mandamus against United States Judge Isaac C. Parker, of the western district of Arkansas, who has flagrantly defied the mandate of the highest tribunal of the land in a manner beyond precedent. Some months ago a man named Lafayette Hudson was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill in Judge Parker's court, which, owing to the large number of people he has condemned to death, is known throughout the state as "Parker's slaughter pen." Hudson was convicted and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the Kings county, New York, penitentiary.

In August the case was taken to the supreme court, and Associate Justice White granted a writ of error to operate as a supersedeas, and ordered that the convicted man be released upon bonds in the sum of $5,000, the bonds to be approved by Judge Parker. That member of the judiciary, however, did not see things the same way, and when the bond of $5,000, signed by men worth $500,000, was presented to him for approval he not only refused to approve it and discharge the prisoner, but entered upon his records a statement that it was the finding of the district court that the order made by the supreme court of the United States was without the authority of law and therefore invalid, and therefore he refused to approve the bond or to allow the defendant to go at large on any bail.

A similar application was made against the same judge growing out of the case of "Famous" Smith, a Cherokee Indian, who was convicted of murder in Judge Parker's court and sentenced to death. The supreme court of the United States reversed the verdict and sentence, whereupon Judge Parker ordered the Indian to be tried again on the same evidence. This was clearly a defiance of the supreme court's orders. Judge Parker, who is considerable of a fighter, has sent a defiant message to the effect that if the supreme court allows argument in the Hudson case he will come here and defend his action in person.

DECREASE IS ONLY APPARENT.

Statement of the National Debt Says We Owe $31,000,000 Less.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The monthly debt statement shows that on Nov. 30, 1894, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to $879,582,919, a decrease for the month of $31,744,552. This decrease, however, is altogether due to the receipt of gold in payment of new 1904 bonds not yet formally issued.

Following is a recapitulation of the debt: Interest-bearing debt, $639,143,(60; increase during the month, $4,100,170; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,826,930; decrease, $1,350. Debt bearing no interest, $383,120,554; increase, $1,824,083. Total debt, $1,630,361,368, of which $866,270,843 are in certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows:

Gold, $164,350,468, which is an increase for the month of $38,736,574; silver, $504,802,457; paper, $107,257,764; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $16,729,473. Total, $793,140,163, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $648,632,558, leaving a cash balance of $144,507,605, of which $100,000,000 is gold reserve.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—Mayor Hopkins' libel charge against John R. Tanner, chairman of the Republican state central committee, was snuffed out by the grand jury and a "no bill" returned. The case was called on the motion of one of the jurors, and a brief discussion followed. One speaker said he had looked up the meaning of the word "vices" in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and he thought that its use in Tanner's alleged libelous charge against Mayor Hopkins of having "levied blackmail on the vices of Chicago" was so broad and general as to be indefinite. For this reason he believed Tanner could not properly be held under a criminal indictment. Most of the other jurors fully agreed with him. There were five votes for a true bill and eighteen against.

DISHONEST POSTAL CLERK.

Defalcation of $490 in the Salem, Ills., Postoffice.

SALEM, Ills., Dec. 1.—A defalcation in the postoffice in this place committed in 1892 has just come to light. At the time John Cunningham, a very worthy old citizen, was postmaster. He employed one of his grandsons, Frank Cunningham, as assistant and money order clerk. Mr. Cunningham surrendered the office to his successor in 1893 and supposed his accounts with the government were all right until a few days ago.

Postoffice Inspector M. G. Price came here with a statement from the postoffice department showing a shortage of about $490 in the money order accounts of 1891 and 1892. The books were gone over, which showed the transactions very plainly, all in the handwriting of young Cunningham. The scheme was worked in this way: An application would be filled out for an order for 37 cents or 48 cents, and that amount charged to the postmaster in the daily cash account, while the order itself would be drawn for $51.37 or $64.48 as the case might be, payable to some fictitious party. The shortage was paid in full by ex-Postmaster Cunningham to Inspector Price.

GEORGE CENTRELL HANGED.

Convicted of the Murder of His Paramour's Husband.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., Dec. 1. — George Centrell was hanged here. He was executed upon his own plea of guilty of murder in the first degree. He and Annie Kahn murdered the latter's husband on the 7th of last August in order to better put themselves in a position to continue illicit relations already existing. A peculiarity of the case is that after pleading guilty he was remanded to jail and given an opportunity to withdraw his plea, but he refused. Mrs. Kahn is now in jail waiting for her trial. She was at the hanging and shouted goodby to Centrall, to which he remarked to the sheriff: "Oh, that woman makes me tired."

Whisky and Morphine.

CARBONDALE, Ills., Dec. 1. — Charles Kirkham was found dead in a cornfield near this city. In one hand was a bottle of whisky, and in the other a bottle containing morphine. He was 44 years of age. He was a son of Colonel Robert Kirkham, who was well-known in war times in Cairo as a tobacco speculater, but who got in trouble with the government and lost his fortune. Charles Kirkham has been a resident of Jackson county since 1865. Melancholy was the cause of his suicide.

Could Not Stand the Pain.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 3.—William Gibson, 80 years old, unmarried, working for John Hensley, a wealthy farmer, near this city, went into a lot adjoining the house and shot himself through the head with a revolver, dying instantly. Two weeks ago while working in a cornfield Gibson fell from a wagon and ran part of a corn stalk into one of his ears, causing great pain, from which he could find no relief. Gidson's father is a merchant in Farmingdale.

Dr. Flower Again Arrested.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Dr. R. C. Flower, the Christian scientist, specialist and speculator, who was brought to this city and jailed at the instance of N. C. Foster, a Wisconsin lumberman who says the doctor swindled him out of $45,000, gave bail on that charge and was released only to be rearrested charged by William Chapman, of Peoria, Ills., with larceny by embezzlement.

Assignment at Belleville, Ills.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 4.—The Belleville Brass Works company has made an assignment at Belleville, Ills., for the benefit of its creditors. Schedules were filed showing liabilities of $27,378.39 and assets estimated at $37,103.09.

Notes of the State.

P. H. Brady, a 19-year-old youth of Urbana, Ills., has been placed under $700 bonds to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of forgery.

John Roche hypnotized a young man at Abingdon, Ills., and surgeons performed an operation on him. The subtle "anæsthetic" proved successful.

Alexander Bashaw, a Springfield, Ills., barkeeper, tried to kill his wife with a knife and she shot him dead.

James McDonald was killed by Joseph Moco during a fight at Smith's drainage canal camp, near Romeo, Ills.

An explosion took place at the works of the St. Louis Fireworks company, Fireworks Station, not far from Mascoutah, Ills., which was felt in all parts of the county. Five shanties were demolished. The shocks were at first supposed to be from an earthquake.

Mayor Hopkins of Chicago will not drop his libel charge against Chairman Tanner of the Republican state central committee. He will present it to the next grand jury.

One Convict Kills Another.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 4.—Two convicts, John Brady and Jake Rosemeyer, fought in the state prison here, and Brady killed Rosemeyer, beating him to death with a bucket.

Tacoma Bank Will Liquidate.

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 4.—Owing to general unsatisfactory conditions the Tacoma National bank has closed its doors, having decided to liquidate. It will pay in full.

THE CHINESE SUE FOR PEACE.

Our Ministers in China and Japan to Act as Intermediaries.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—China has succumbed to the inevitable, and has sued for peace. And her proposals will be presented to Japan through the United States ministers at Peking and Tokio, thus promising a termination of the war. It is not possible at this time to learn the terms of China's proposition as handed to Minister Denby, but it is probable that it provides for but two concessions—a money indemnity and a relinquishment of suzerainty over Corea.

It is improbable that the first tender will be acceptable to Japan, as such overtures rarely are, but this proposition will open the way to a counter offer of terms by Japan through Minister Dun and the negotiations, if successful, and if they follow the usual course, will lead first to a truce under proper guarantee or a preliminary agreement to cease hostilities and finally to the signature of a definite treaty of peace.

THE NEW EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Conference at Naperville Will Perfect the Organization Before Adjourning.

NAPERVILLE, Ills., Dec. 1.—The business of the United Evangelical conference is now under full headway. Yesterday was devoted to the discussion of the question whether this conference should be considered a general conference or simply a preliminary convention. It was decided to perfect the organization at this session and not to adjourn until all the machinery of the new organization is perfected and placed in good working order. The revision of the book of discipline was referred to eight or ten committees. The articles of faith will undoubtedly remain unchanged. Two ministers of the United Brethren church brought fraternal greetings from a conference of that denomination now in session at Dayton, O. Their address created great enthusiasm.

CHINA MUST PAY DEAR.

Can Escape with 400,000,000 Yen and a Cession, but More Later.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—The St. James Gazette prints a dispatch to a news agency here, saying that, according to press statements, if terms of peace between China and Japan be concluded now Japan will accept an indemnity of 400,000,000 yen, to be paid in installments, with the cession to her of the territory which she now occupies, but, in the event of the failure of the present peace negotiations, the demands upon China will be increased in proportion to the length of time during which operations shall be carried on. No armistice will not be declared unless China sues for peace and gives pledges for the faithful performance of her agreement.

Alabama Has Two Governors.

MONTGOMERY, Dec. 3.—The state of Alabama for the first time in its history has two governors and two separate sets of state officers. Colonel Oates and those elected on his ticket preside at the state house. Captain Kolb and his cabinet have not announced their official headquarters.

Oates took the oath standing on the very spot on which Jefferson Davis stood when he was sworn in as president of the Southern Confederacy. Numerous threats had been made by friends of Captain Kolb, and to avoid the possibility of anything like violence, as well as to lend spirit to the occasion, more than twenty companies of state troops with loaded cartridges in their belts were present and participated in the inauguration ceremonies, which were, however, without disorderly event.

The Bill Is Aimed at Kolb.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 4.—A bill has been introduced in the house which is intended to put a stop to Kolb's performances and prevent all possible danger of a dual government. Briefly the bill makes it a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment for any person to take the oath of office and attempt to discharge the duties of such office without first having been declared elected thereto by the person or body having authority to so declare the result. It makes the penalty for violating any of its provisions a fine of not less than $500 and not more than $10,000, and the offender shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary of this state for not more than twenty-five years.

Drew His Check for $1,500,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4.—Considerable interest has been aroused here over the check for $1,500,000 which Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, drew on the Nevada bank. The check was made payable to the California bank, and it was thought that possibly Spreckels had transferred his account from one bank to the other. Spreckels said that this was not the case; that he still had a large deposit at the Nevada bank. When asked how large that deposit was Spreckels said he thought he could draw several checks without exhausting his account.

Accident on the Rail.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The Alexandria, Va., local train coming to Washington, was wrecked at Jackson City, the Virginia end of the long bridge. Just before entering the long bridge at a switch the train jumped the track and plunged down an embankment. The locomotive crushed the life instantly out of the fireman, William T. Wilker. The engineer, E. A. Hayden, escaped with a bad cut on the head, although he went over with his engine. A few of the passengers were thrown from their seats but none were seriously injured.

Union Carpenter Fatally Wounded.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Donald Gruer, a union carpenter, was shot and fatally wounded last night by one of three men whom he was following. The men were non-union men employed on the Marquette building were non-union men have recently been subject to continual assaults by the strikers.

THE DEATH RECORD.

CHARLES L. ROUTT, one of the leading men of Jacksonville, Ills.

Mrs. GERTRUDE SMITH, a pioneer resident of Penfield, Mich.

Judge ISAAC HOWE, Populist candidate for governor of South Dakota, at Redfield, S. D.

GEORGE BARKER, famous landscape photographer, at New York.

WILLIAM F. MCMEEN, pioneer citizen of Mount Vernon, Ills.

Colonel BENJAMIN C. DYER, formerly warden of the Ohio penitentiary, at Georgetown.

Judge JOHN FRIZZLE, pioneer Mason, at Nashville, Tenn.

JAMES A. WAY, prominent banker of Marshall, Mich.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Nov. 28.

O'Malley, ex-Illinois state senator, and reputed leader of the "Market street gang" at Chicago, which gang is charged with divers brutal assaults on voters at the polls Nov. 6 last and the murder of at least two men, is free, although he is known to have shot two men within twenty-four hours beginning on the day of election. The case was dismissed because somehow the man shot did not appear to prosecute.

Natural gas has been struck at a depth of twenty-eight feet at Peru, Ind.

The annual report of the Erie railway shows that the company during the past year failed to earn the interest on the second consolidated mortage bonds by $1,600,000. The report is the worst for years.

News to Armenians at London says that the Turks massacred 12,000 Armenians during the late atrocity in Turkey in Asia.

The trial of Charles J. and Frank R. Meadowcroft, ex-bankers, has begun at Chicago. The charge is receiving money on deposit after they knew the bank was insolvent.

Thursday, Nov. 29.

The fire at Lyndonville, Vt., swept away the business portion of the town and caused a loss of $300,000.

The fire in the packing plant of Fowler at Kansas City cost the company about $50,000, fully insured.

Fire in Knight & Chichester wood turning establishment at Jersey City caused a loss of about $100,000. Three firemen were hurt, one fatally.

Owing to the trouble at Bluefields, Nicaragua, there is increased activity at the Brooklyn navy yard. Regarding the trouble Ambassador Bayard, at London, is reported to have said that it was only another "tempest in a teapot."

Three tramps were killed on the railroad track near Elmira, Cal., and another man was probably fatally hurt. When a freight train arrived at the station the engineer discovered the remnants of human bodies on his locomotive.

A wedding celebrated in St. George's church, New York, was that of Laura Breckinridge, daughter of Major J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, to John G. Teneyck.

Friday, Nov. 30.

A voting machine warranted to count the votes as cast has been adopted by Niagara county, N. Y.

A crook at Chicago tried to hide his identity by using his surname spelled backward, according to his accusers, who say his name is La Salle, while he has been masquerading under the name of Ellasal.

Dr. Gibbons, of Syracuse, N. Y., who claims to be able to bring back to life a man who has suffered the New York death penalty, has "tried it on a cow," which had given up the ghost under a shock of 1,000 volts. The cow is now alive.

Nine Chicago crooks organized a club the necessary qualification for membership in which was a bad reputation. They had a password and the police got "onto it." The club is now in the lockup.

Busts of Vice Presidents Stevenson, George M. Dallas, and Elbridge Gerry have been placed in the vice presidential niches in the senate gallery at Washington.

J. L. M. Pierce, of Yankton, has disappeared with $1,000,000 secured from English capitalists on spurious paper.

Saturday, Dec. 1.

George Centrel, who with the assistance of his paramour Mrs. Kahn, murdered the woman's husband near Belleville, Ills., was hanged at that place. He died quickly.

All the great powers have recognized—or given notice of their intention—the republic of Hawaii.

Two hundred Brazilian rebels have accepted the offer of the Rio government and laid down their arms.

A young German at Los Angeles, Cal., put two bullets through his head, one through his left side and then cut his wrists with a razor. Still the doctors predict his recovery.

The Wilson line freight steamer Lydion Monarch is seven days overdue at New York from London.

Special Examiner Waite, who has been pushing pension fraud cases against Van Leuven in Iowa, has himself been indicted. He says the indictment is a scheme of the accused pension officials.

The James Lick monument was unveiled at San Francisco.

Monday, Dec. 3.

T. D. Sullivan, M. P., ex-lord mayor of Dublin, lectured at Chicago on Irish politics. He is to give 100 lectures in America.

An Adventist was on a jury at Green Bay, Wis., when court adjourned over Thanksgiving day, and after putting in Friday on the trial the court had to adjourn over to Monday, because the Adventists "keep holy the Sabbath day."

Tomorrow the plate glass manufacturers of the country will hold a meeting at Pittsburg with the object of effecting a combine of the whole industry in this country, representing $30,000,000 capital and employing 10,000 men.

Dec. 1 the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was 21 years old, having been brought into existence at Port Jervis, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1873.

Colonel Ben. C. Dyer, of Georgetown, O., a most intimate personal friend and adviser of ex-Governor Campbell, is dead.

Emperor Wilhelm of Germany has given from his private purse 150 marks to each of the widows made by the explosion on board the warship Brandenburg.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

The first rain for four months fell in Arkansas, putting out the forest fires, which had done great damage.

Mrs. John A. Logan threatens to appeal to the New York courts to disrupt the "John A. Logan club," a Democratic organization, in order to make it change its name.

W. Wilson, alleged to be one of the three-card monte sharpers who swindled Louis Glyer out of $4,000 at a Chicago suburb, is under arrest at Evansville, Ind., charged with taking stolen goods into the state.

The king of Corea has appealed to the United States government for aid in maintaining the independence of his kingdom.

An earthquake shock, which was accompanied by a rumbling sound, was felt at Pittsfield, Ills.

Tom Edwards, who murdered Sam Walker at New Albany, Ind., last May and who broke jail Sept. 20, has been recaptured at Edinburg, Ind.

Two men and two women, who had been engaged in smuggling Turkish embroideries, were arrested at Detroit.

PENNSYLVANIA A CHAMPION.

Her Football Kickers Give Harvard a Defeat—Other Games.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Pennsylvania, 18; Harvard, 4. That is the score by which the wearers of the red and blue trampled the beautiful silken flag of the crimson into the dust. It was a grand victory and one that has a world of meaning to the sturdy sons of old Pennsylvania. It places a new star in the football firmament and undoubtedly gives Pennsylvania the championship on the gridiron for 1894. The game was witnessed by an enormous crowd and the air was filled before, during and after the game with the yells of the partisans of the two teams.

The game was magnificently contested, but Pennsylvania was too much for Harvard all the way through. Still at the end of the first half the Keystone boys had but two points to Harvard nothing. The second half was where the damage was done, for Pennsylvania rolled up sixteen points, giving her eighteen, while Harvard could get but four. The list of injured includes Emmons (badly hurt), Fairchild, Brewer, Hallowell, Shaw—all Harvard men, greatly weakening the team. A number of others were hurt, but returned to the game in a few minutes.

Chicago Breaks Even at the Game.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—There were two games of football played here between crack clubs. Michigan and Chicago universities tried their mettle against each other, and a hot game was played, Michigan getting 4 points to Chicago nothing. Dartmouth college and the Chicago Athletic club played the afternoon game, which was rough from start to finish. Score—Chicago Athletic 4, Dartmouth 0.

Other games reported from different cities in the country give the following scores:

At St. Louis—Illinois university 10, Pastime Athletic 0; at Milwaukee—Wisconsin university 30, Milwaukee Athletic 0; at Columbus, O.—Kenyon college 4, State university 20; at Evansville, Ind.—Rose Polytechnic 0, Evansville 26; at Indianapolis—Purdue 0, DePauw 28; at Indianapolis—Butler 6, Light Artillery 4; at Ithica, N. Y.—Cornell 10, Lehigh 6; at Kansas City—Missouri university 12, Kansas 18.

Yale Beats Princeton at Football.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—In spite of the rain and cold Manhattan field was crowded at the football game between Yale and Princeton, and fully 30,000 within and without the grounds saw Princeton's colors dragged in the mud and snow, for a score of 24 to 0. Princeton was outplayed from the beginning to the end, and rarely was the ball in Yale's territory, and then only for a few seconds. The team which lined up against Yale was not for an instant to be compared with that of a year ago, and Yale did better. This tells the whole story.

Killed a Woman and Himself.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—William Heitman, a street car driver, shot and killed a woman whose identity is unknown and then put a bullet into his own temple last night.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.

Money on call easy at 1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼@488 for demand and 485¾@4.87for sixty days; posted rates 487@487½ and 488½@489; commercial bills 485¾@485¼.

Silver certificates 62¼ bid; no sales; bar silver, 61¾. Mexican dollars 50.

United States goverament bonds 5's regular, 119; 5's coupons, 119¾; 4's regular, 115; 4's coupons, 116; 2's regular, 97 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 99½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 55¾c, closed 56¼c May, opened 60¾c, closed 61⅛c; July, opened 61⅛c, closed 62c. Corn—December, opened 47¼c, closed 47c; January, opened 47¼c; closed 47c; May, opened 49⅝c, closed 49½c. Oats—December, opened 29½c, closed 29¼c; January, opened 29¾c, closed 30c; May, opened 33½c, closed 33¾c. Pork—January, opened $12.07½, closed $12.22½; May, opened $12.40, closed $12.60. Lard—January, opened $7.00, closed $7.00.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb.; extra dairy, 22c; packing stock, 10@10½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz. loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, 4½@5½c per lb; turkeys, 5@6c; ducks, 7@7½c; geese, $5.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 42@53c per bu.; Hebrons, 42@48c; early rose, 42@48c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.35@1.60 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to choice, $8.00@9.25 per bbl; fancy, $9.50@9.75. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages; 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 43,000; sales ranged at $3.50@4.15 pigs, $4.00@4.55 light, $4.25@4.45 rough packing, $4.25@4.75 mixed, and $4.50@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 14,500; quotations ranged at $3.00@6.40 Christmas beeves, $5.50@5.95 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.20@5.05 good to choice do., $3.50@4.15 fair to good, $3.10@3.50 common to medium do., $2.80@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.00 stockers, $4.50@ 3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.80 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers, and $2.00@5.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 6,000; sales ranged at $1.25@3.15 westerns, $1.50@2.75 Texans, $1.35@3.50 natives, and 2.00@4.00 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Dec. 3.

Cattle—Receipts, 2,280 head; best heavy, $5.10@5.25; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; fat he fers, $3.75@4.00. Hogs—Receipts, 24,150 head; Yorkers, $4.30@4.60; pigs, $4.40@4.50; extra heavy, $4.75@4.80. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 21,200 head; good to choice native lambs, $3.40@4.00; fair to common, $2.75@3.25; mixed sheep, $2.50@3.00.

For Tired Mothers

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was **All Run Down** from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all **overworked, tired, weak mothers** to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." MRS. G. W. WARNOCK, Beverly, Nebraska.

Mrs. G. W. Warnock

Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning the "first call" of the bugle awoke Mr. Raymer to consciousness, and without dallying with a strong inclination to prolong his slumbers he sprang out of bed and began dressing for reveille. A bright fire which his servant had kindled was filling the chimney with ruddy flame. As he threw his cape over his shoulders he noticed that the fife and drum now sounding the final call awoke no echoes. Their vibrations seemed deadened. He walked to the window, swept aside the curtain and looked out.

The ground was everywhere covered with snow, and the air was filled with fast falling flakes. Through the feathery mist he could see the men running from their huts, looking cold and uncomfortable. With the closing notes of the call he opened his door and walked, ankle deep, through snow to his place before the line. The first sergeant called the roll, reported and dismissed the company. Promptly upon the order, "Break ranks," every man disappeared from the parade except the officer. He turned and looked out into the valley. "La Senora Vieja will not be likely to leave us today," he thought.

Looking up the ridge to the guardhouse, he saw the wrapped and muffled sentinel walking his post with rifle at "secure" and 20 columns of dark smoke rising from the cabin chimneys and floating off to the southeast. He then entered the orderly room to give Sergeant Cunningham orders connected with the camp routine.

"Sergeant," said he, "you may order the cooks to send the Mexican woman her breakfast from the kitchen. I will send some coffee and a few other things from my private supply."

"Yes, sir. Shall we send anything to the men?"

"You may let them have coffee and firewood. They have rations of their own. What do you think of this sudden storm, sergeant?"

"It certainly did not look like a storm last night, sir. I think it is the beginning of a severe winter."

"Have you heard anything of the valley winters?"

"Yes, sir. The cavalry expressmen say snow came last winter just after Christmas and staid till March. They were frequently unable to get into the valley until the infantry broke paths through the drifts for them."

"But snow rarely falls in other parts of the territory where I have served and does not last a week at most," said the lieutenant.

"That is true, sir. No farther away than the eastern side of the eastern ridge, scarcely seven miles from the edge of the valley, snow rarely falls. These close mountain valleys are quite like the northern states for climate."

"We are likely to have some difficulty drawing our wood, then?" asked the officer.

"The volunteers had to keep the road to the woods open with shovels for some time, and their wheels ran hard."

"I wonder if a sled could be made for hauling wood, sergeant?"

"I doubt if we have a man in the company besides yourself and me that ever saw one."

"But we have a carpenter and blacksmith?"

"Yes, sir, good ones."

"Well, I can draw the patterns. I was born in a snow and logging country and am familiar with the various kinds of sleds."

"I suppose the lieutenant is aware that there is no hard wood in the valley, nothing harder than pine, hemlock, spruce and poplar," said Sergeant Cunningham.

"The hard pine will make excellent runners, and bars can be made of the bolsters and axles of the two broken wagons the volunteers left. We can shoe the runners with the tires and brace and bolt the sled with the other iron. The tongues and reaches can be used too. Yes, we'll make a sled—a bobsled. After guard mounting, sergeant, I will go to the woods with the fatigue party and the carpenter and select the tree from which to hew the runners. Order the detail to remove the wagon body from the wheels."

"Yes, sir."

As the lieutenant returned to his quarters he glanced toward the kitchen and at that instant saw a delicate hand sliding the window curtain along its rod. "La Senora Vieja has a pretty hand for one of her age," he thought. "She may have been handsome half a century ago, but it would be a mistake to say that now either of her person or manners."

Entering his cabin, Raymer proceeded to perfect the hasty toilet made before reveille, and in a few moments he sat before his hearth, overlooking Cain's preparation of the morning meal. The soldier had just arrived from the company kitchen with a portion of the lieutenant's breakfast and was now placing a coffeepot and a small steak upon a bed of glowing coals.

"You may put in a double allowance of Java, Cain," observed the officer, "and you may make the steak twice as large. I want you to take some of each to the Mexican lady. Better run over there now and tell her I will send her breakfast from here, and ask if there is anything in our stores she would prefer. I will look after the broiling."

Adding an extra allowance of coffee and cutting a second slice of beef, Cain went on his errand. Like most of the soldiers who served in New Mexico, he had acquired a fair knowledge of colloquial Spanish. Approaching the door of the lady's cabin, the soldier rapped.

"Quien llama—who knocks?" asked a low feminine voice.

"El mozo del teniente, the man servant of the lieutenant," answered Cain.

"What do you want?"

"The lieutenant sends his compliments and asks what will you have for breakfast."

"Call Antonio and then go away, please. I will send my message by him."

Cain went to the fire, which was still burning before la senora's door, and beside which stood the blanketed figures of the two grisos. Delivering his message, he returned to the lieutenant. Soon afterward Antonio reported that La Senora Vieja wanted but little breakfast and would be satisfied with whatever was sent to her; that she requested that all communications should hereafter be made through her attendants, and that no other person should come to her door during the time she should be obliged to remain in the valley. She sent her thanks for the kindness and courtesy shown her and assured her host that she should leave as soon as the storm ceased.

Antonio conveyed to his mistress a breakfast selected from the lieutenant's table, with the assurance that her wishes should be respected, and that the sentinel who walked the post but a few yards from her door should be instructed to halt any person approaching the house except her two attendants.

Guard mounting over, Mr. Raymer joined the men going to the forest. The proper trees were selected for the proposed bobsled, felled and drawn to camp. A part of the large company kitchen was turned into a workshop, and there, under the interested supervision of the lieutenant, the carpenter shaped the parts.

The snow continued to fall almost constantly until the morning of the third day, when it suddenly ceased. The clouds rolled away, and the sun burst forth in full glory, showing the valley to be covered with nearly two feet of snow. The treeless summits of the eastern and western ranges stood white and bleak against the cold blue sky. The horizontal ribbons of pine, hemlock and spruce that clothed the slopes were plainly defined against their snowy background. Over the whole valley was spread a robe of white. The crystal brook of a temperature too high to freeze even in the coldest weather looked like a black cord looped and curved throughout its length.

Raymer was standing in the parade just after breakfast, admiring the wintry scene, when Antonio approached him and said:

"La Senora Vieja asks el comandante to have her animals got ready as soon as possible. She intends to resume her journey."

"Very well, Antonio," replied the lieutenant. "Tell your mistress that everything shall be ready at her door in half an hour."

"She also says, Senor Don Teniente, that she shall be obliged to leave the boy Ramon behind."

"Does she know his condition?"

"I have seen him several times and have reported to her."

"Tell her we expect him to stay here, for it is impossible to move him. It is a bare chance that he recovers. To attempt to move would result in his death."

"La Senora Vieja says she will send a priest from Jemez to administer the sacrament and absolve el pobrecito."

"El Padre Gutierres will be a welcome guest. He is an old friend of mine."

At 9 o'clock the Mexican travelers rode out of the camp, waded the brook and began their journey down the eastern side of the valley. True to the manner she had adopted from the first, la senora made no personal acknowledgment of favors received. Her spokesman, Antonio, had come to the lieutenant after she was well on her way out of the parade and offered her thanks in elaborate and graceful Spanish phrase.

"Well," thought Raymer as the last pack mule shook the water of the brook from his heels, "there goes a woman who can take no offense if I fail to recognize her when we meet again. I've not caught a glimpse of her face since I met her at Los Ojos Frios. I do not even know her name."

He turned back to his quarters and soon afterward went to the company kitchen to superintend the sledmaking. The work had been going on rapidly, with some volunteer assistance from interested men, and a few rivets and bolts alone were needed to complete it.

With the approach of noon the wind arose, and soon the snowclad branches of the evergreens on the mountain sides were flinging off their downy coats and tossing and creaking in a fierce northwestern gale. The air was filled with flying snow, frequently so dense as to nearly hide the sun, and the temperature sensibly fell. Raymer went back to his cabin, holding his cape closely about his face and quickening his pace to a run. He had barely entered his door when the sergeant of the guard appeared.

"I think, sir," said the sergeant, "that the Mexicans are in trouble. From the ridge I can see them, near the south end of the valley. They have not moved for a long time."

The lieutenant took his fieldglass and ascended the southern arm of the ridge. Arrived there, he saw, when the whirling wreaths of snow permitted him to catch a glimpse, that the travelers were grouped at a point about six miles from the camp and that all had dismounted. When the animals moved about, he saw that the men were trying to lift the apparently helpless woman into her saddle. It was not difficult to comprehend that La Senora Vieja had fallen a victim to the cold, searching gale. Raymer at once determined to go to her assistance. Walking down to Sergeant Cunningham's cabin, he ordered a detail made to go to the rescue.

"I think, sergeant, we have a use for our new sled which we did not anticipate. Send word to the teamster to hitch the mules to it and place the wagon body on the runners. Tell Corporal Sullivan to throw in a lot of straw and at least a dozen blankets, and have Clary pry out some hot stones from the back of the kitchen fireplace. Wrap them well and take them along. Have everything move lively."

These directions were carried out while the lieutenant was dressing for the trip. When ready to start, he told Cain to have la senora's quarters warm and in order against her return.

The wind had already swept a great part of the snow from the more level portion of the valley, leaving but a few inches in the matted grass, and where it had not drifted and packed the team moved at a brisk trot or gallop. But now and then the men had to leave the sled to tramp a path through a ridge of snow before it could go on. The lieutenant rode in advance, and when at the end of an hour he reached the travelers found them stalled in a big drift.

La senora, dressed in a long riding habit and swathed in extra wraps, had found it impossible to maintain her seat as her pony plunged and struggled in the drift. She had repeatedly fallen and had remounted with great difficulty, requiring the aid of both her attendants. After her last fall she had attempted to wade through on foot, but the snow and fierce, searching wind had chilled her struggling limbs, and she had become quite helpless.

When the officer reached her, she gathered the cape of her cloak about her face to shield herself from observation, as she had always done since he first met her at Los Ojos Frios. With the assistance of the soldiers he bore her to the sled and placed her in the blankets and straw, with the warm stones disposed about her. He was gathering the blankets about her shoulders when he heard a half suppressed sob and felt her form tremble with emotion.

"I am sorry for your disappointment, senora," said Raymer. "You will have to be my guest for a little time longer, and then I will myself see that you are safely out of the valley."

Raymer then ordered that the luggage be placed on the sled and the return to camp begun. The wind was now in the faces of the detachment. The snowy needles cut the flesh exposed to them, and before the ride was ended the frost had nipped a few noses and ears. Arrived in the parade, the lieutenant dismounted and proceeded to offer assistance to the lady, but she held the blankets about her face and called:

"Antonio! Where is Antonio?"

The officer looked around for the two Mexicans and noticed for the first time that they were not with him.

"Where are the lady's men, Corporal Sullivan?" he asked in some surprise.

"They did not return with us, sir," replied the corporal. "They went in the opposite direction."

"Why did you not tell me what they were doing?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I thought the lieutenant saw all that I saw," was the reply.

Raymer turned to the lady, who was still buried in the depths of her blankets.

"Senora," he said, "I regret to tell you that both your attendants have left the valley and have taken your animals with them. You will be obliged to remain alone a short time unless you will accept the service of one of the laundress' daughters. You shall have the attendance of my servant also, and I will send you to Jemez with an escort the first pleasant day."

No reply was made to this, only a silent effort to rise, to which the lieutenant lent his aid, and the Senora Vieja moved slowly and feebly into her cabin, and her luggage was passed in after her. Later in the day she addressed a note to "El Senor Teniente, El Comandante de Los Valles Grandes." Translated it read as follows:

"DEAR SIR—Pardon me for not expressing in person my thanks for the continued kindness you have shown me during the past few days. I assure you that I appreciate it and am grateful. I hoped to have succeeded in leaving today and thus relieve you of further care on my account. I accept your offer of attendance, but request that neither the laundress nor her daughters shall visit me. If your servant will leave at my door food and such other articles as I may need, it will be all that I require. Should I need anything more I will write to you. I think my attendants will reach Jemez tomorrow, and my relative, El Padre Gutierres of that place, will come for me immediately."

There was no signature. Raymer was puzzled by the writer's persistency in refusing all aid except what was barely necessary to enable her to live, and also at her anxiety to conceal her face. All was so different from what he would have expected from an American woman that he attributed it to Spanish education and home training. As she was an old woman he thought her unnecessarily squeamish in holding herself so carefully secluded. Writing her a short note, in which he assured her that her wishes should be respected, he resumed the usual routine of duty and amusement.

The following day, the wind having somewhat subsided, the mules were attached to the bob, and Raymer accompanied the fatigued party to the forest to show the men how to load logs in lumberman style. Day after day for nearly a week he continued this supervision, filling the woodyard with dry pitch pine logs, to be sawed and split into fuel, in preparation for the blockade expected in February and March. During this time no one arrived from Jemez or elsewhere except the weekly military couriers from Santa Fe.

At the end of the week and for several days succeeding Raymer noticed whenever he returned from the forest to his cabin that it appeared to be in better order than usual. There was a neater arrangement of rugs and furs, and the articles on the mantel were more tastefully disposed. His center table was in order. His letters and papers were gathered into bundles and tied with tape.

It became interesting to watch these gradual improvements, and he wondered that his old soldier servant had not earlier developed this taste for order. When Cain came in to prepare dinner one day, Raymer said:

"You are improving in the care of my quarters, Cain. They look very neat."

"It's not me, sor, that's improvin 'em. It's the Saynyora Vayher."

"What!"

"The ould leddy, sor. She comes in and rades the liftinint's books ev'ry marnin when he goes to the woods."

"Then you have seen her face, Cain?"

"Not a glimpse of it, sor. She comes over after I get through me work and lave. I came back onct for somethin, but she got a sight uv me through the windy and wint awa' before I rached the dure."

"Does she come every day?"

"Since foive days back, sor. She sits by the windy and laves whin she says the liftinint returnin."

Raymer asked a few more questions, and after Cain had gone took a more comprehensive view of the room. Yes, of course, no one but a woman could have made such a bachelor's den as this look so tidy. La senora might be old, but she was evidently a woman of taste.

What could she be reading? In Spanish there was literally nothing but the Reader, "Don Quixote" and Dona Teresa's prayer book. Of course she could not read anything in English. She must have confined her reading to the adventures of the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance" or the devotional pages of the missal. "Well, poor old girl, she's welcome to any amusement she can find here. I'll not interfere with her," was the concluding reflection of the lieutenant.

The weather continued cold, and the wind continued to blow and pile the snow in drifts, but the camp and the wood road being somewhat sheltered by the pine clad point the work of drawing logs went on, and the young officer found his usual recreation and exercise in going out a few hours every forenoon. He looked in daily upon the wounded boy, who seemed to be on the road to recovery.

On the third day after making the discovery of la senora's invasion of his quarters, while assisting in the work of binding a load of logs, Raymer injured his hand and returned to camp much earlier than usual for the purpose of dressing the wound. When he arrived at the end of the line of cabins farthest from his own, instead of walking along the front directly to his door, as he had hitherto done, he turned to the rear and ascended the ridge to the guardhouse, stopping there a few moments to make an inspection. Then he walked slowly to his cabin from the rear.

On entering his quarters a female figure sprang quickly from a camp chair by the window and stood facing him, an open book in her hand. A dark blue

A female figure sprang quickly from a camp chair.

flannel gown, bound at the waist with a silken sash, fell in graceful lines to her feet. A silk rebozo of black and yellow stripes hung over one shoulder, its fringed ends nearly reaching the floor.

Astounded at this unexpected vision—this startling transformation—the lieutenant stood silently gazing at the lovely and blushing girl for nearly a half minute.

"Teresa Valencia!" he exclaimed.

"La misma, senor," was the response in a low and self deprecating tone, and she picked up her cloak and began to move toward the door.

"No, do not go," objected the excited lieutenant. "Now that I know who is my guest there must be a rearrangement of things. Please remain here until I return. I'll be gone but a few moments."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Helping Their Unemployed.

There is a peculiar feature of self help among the mass of the English working people which is truly astonishing. At the present time they are asking for more legislation on their behalf—for old age pensions, an eight hour law and measures of that kind. But they do not wait until they get the legislation. They do everything in their power to meet their own needs for the emergency. H. Llewellin Smith, the labor commissioner of Great Britain, was telling me how much the trades unions themselves have been able to do for their unemployed members. For example, during the year 1891 upward of 202 of such unions, including over 600,000 members, distributed as unemployed benefit over $1,100,000 among their unemployed members.—Professor Sheldon.

STORIES OF STORKS.

A BIRD THAT DISPLAYS AN INTELLIGENCE ALMOST HUMAN.

Their Regular Annual Visit to Strasburg. Meetings at Which the Storks Undoubtedly Discuss Their Affairs and Reach Conclusions.

Twenty years ago I resided at Strasburg, in the vicinity of the old Protestant church called the Temple Neup. It was a structure built wholly of brick, somewhat unsightly, very large and capped by an immense roof. The church had no spire, and the choir, which was detached from the nave, at that time sheltered the municipal library. All that was since destroyed by the bombardment.

Regularly every year, between the 10th and 20th of August, all the storks of the city came toward evening to meet at the Temple Neup. They arrived from the neighboring chimneys, old and young, and placed themselves in a long row upon the comb of the roof. It was a curious scene to see all those big white birds, with their slender bills, mounted upon their slender stilts. They flapped their wings, standing first on one and then on the other leg, while making that noise quite peculiar to storks called "clapper." Some old ones were busily flying here and there, as if to give out the countersign. Messengers were dispatched to the stragglers to hasten their arrival.

The meeting lasted at least one hour, after which each family retired to its nest, to return next evening at the same hour. Again the inspection was gone through by the elders and the countersign repeated. This parting review was renewed three or four times in succession, and one fine morning the Strasburgers observed with regret that all the storks had vanished.

The habit of annual migrations among storks is as old as the world. Pliny the Elder, who perished on the day when Pompeii and Herculaneum disappeared, testifies to that effect. In his "History of Nature" he expresses himself as follows:

"Whence come the storks, and whither do they go? It is still a problem. No doubt they come from afar, the same as the cranes. The latter travel in the summer, the storks in the winter. No one fails to come to the meeting unless sick or a prisoner. They depart all at once, as if the day were fixed by law. No one ever saw them leave, although they make no secret of their intentions. We observe soon enough that they have come back, although no one saw them arrive. The arrival and departure invariably take place at night."

What was said of the storks 18 centuries ago is still the truth. These beasts are too intelligent to change their habits. It is quite certain that their migrations are concerted. The time is decided upon and the place selected. The consultations do not transpire without discussion. Everything is not harmonious at first. The young, the inexperienced, want to remain a little longer. The old and wise, the veteran travelers, insist upon departure. They argue that the autumn rains beat down the insects, which then seek refuge in the ground. Thenceforth food becomes scarcer—"we must seek milder climates." But the way there is immense. Distant mountains, seas and deserts must be traversed. Winds are variable, and all kinds of perils must be affronted. However, the feebler ones take heart in thinking of the large number of their traveling companions and the pleasure of basking in a warmer sun. The day of departure is fixed.

Where do the storks go to spend the winter? In warmer latitudes, in Greece, in Arabia, around Mount Sinai and Egypt and throughout Africa down to the cape of Good Hope.

"At Basle," says Toussenel, "in a room of the city hall, is a stuffed stork whose body is pierced through by an African arrow from the vicinity of the cape. This accident had not hindered the bird from starting with the others on their northern voyage."

The storks return to Alsace in the spring, and the same couple reoccupy the same nest. These nests are invariably installed on the top of chimneys, which, in Strassburg, are high and broad and generally in groups of three or four. The upper surface thus constitutes a sort of platform overlapping the lateral openings whence escapes the smoke. It is thus that storks establish their domicile, affecting the disposition of a basket, lined inside with straw, feathers and down, a warm bed for the eggs to be hatched in.

The valley of the Rhine seems to be a resort of predilection for the race of storks. From Basle all the way to Holland you find storks dwelling on the chimney tops. Today France has no longer any storks. She lost them when she lost Alsace.

Wherever the storks reside, whether on oriental minarets or on the church steeples of Germany, everywhere they are revered by the people. They are sacred birds. It is incontestable that storks render valuable service. They are the foes of snakes and other reptiles, moles, field mice and every sort of vermin. They are seen gravely following the plow and devouring the larvæ of the May bug, which the furrow turns to the light. Never a sportsman fires at a stork. I have to think that the immunity which this bird enjoys is due to its virtues. It would distress me to think that it is respected only because its flesh is unpalatable. However that may be, old legends regard the stork as a bird of good omen.—French of Maurice Engelhard.

Very Wicked.

General Booth, asked by a newspaper interviewer, "Do you think the millennium will come if the whole world is converted to the Salvation Army?" replied: "It would be very near at hand. If the newspaper men were converted, it would be a very long step in that direction."—Ram's Horn.

THE WOMAN "AD." SOLICITOR.

A Clever Ruse Through Which She Accomplished Her Purpose.

The reason why so many women fail as advertising solicitors and agents is because they have no conception of the meaning of the word "time" as applied to business people.

There is lots of money in it, more than in almost any line of work connected with publishing, and a woman starting out to make a living for herself in this line of work must come down to business principles at once and forget that she was ever entitled to more courtesy than is shown from man to man.

A business man's time is counted by the minutes, each one of which is worth so much money to him. When a woman, no matter how attractive, makes her way into his private office and takes up so much of his valuable time that he is either compelled to give her what she wants or treat her with a rudeness he is not accustomed to doing she gains very little in the long run. A small order given under these circumstances closes the door forever after against her.

But, on the other hand, if she asks and is granted an interview, a few well chosen, terse sentences, stating her errand, will, if it does not get the order at once, make a good impression, and in all probability the second visit will do much more. I do not mean that one visit is to suffice for all time, but by a liberal use of tact and a constant remembrance that a business man's time is worth so much to him much may be gained. At all events, what one cannot accomplish that way it is almost impossible to get any other way.

To show exactly my idea I will relate an incident, which was told me, of a busy woman who earned a very fair income by getting advertisements for one of New York's dailies.

She had been working at it for nearly six months when she was told one day to go and see a prominent linen dealer of Twenty-third street and try if she could get an order from him.

She had heard of him as being a queer, cantankerous individual and extremely hard to approach, and she knew if she stated her errand she would not be able to see him at all.

So, assuming a confidence she did not feel, she went boldly up to the store one morning, and seeing a floorwalker stepped up to him and said in an "acquaintance of long standing" sort of voice: "Has Mr. C—— come down yet? I have looked all over the store and cannot find him."

"Oh, yes, miss," the man answered, thinking she was an old friend, "he was in his private office, over there, a few moments ago."

"Thanks, very much," she answered. "I will go over and see him a minute then," and she walked deliberately over and into the office where he was sitting.

Now, she simply trusted to her good luck to get a satisfactory interview, and stepping up to the desk she said as sweetly as possible, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, young lady! What do you want?" he said gruffly.

"Only to speak to you a moment, if you are not too busy," she answered, with some trepidation, for he seemed a very tough customer to begin on.

She had been told before going that no one else had ever been able to get anything from him, so it was a matter of pride with her to succeed.

"My time is worth $5 a minute," he said very decidedly, as if that settled the question, "and I cannot afford to waste it. Good morning!"

She felt that it was now or never. She had just received her week's salary and had it in her pocket.

"Very well, sir," she answered promptly. "I will take three minutes, if you please."

Taking out her pocketbook and watch, she put three $5 bills on the desk and her watch open on top, and sitting down on a chair beside him she began to talk.

She says he looked up in astonishment, with a smile on his face, and when the three minutes were up by the watch she had obtained an order for several weeks and made a friend of him, which stood her in good stead many a time. Of course he did not take the money, and she knew he would not, but she caught him by her promptness and did a good stroke of business.

She said, though, that she would have paid the money like a man if he had taken it and considered the order she secured cheap at that.—Printers' Ink.

It Reminded Him.

The sick tragedian lay on his couch, staring with widely opened eyes into vacancy.

The doctor who had been summoned first had just arrived, and while he was removing his gloves the second doctor came into the room.

"He mutters," said the first. "His mind wanders."

"N-no, I think not," replied the attendant, bending over the patient. "He spoke quite slowly and distinctly."

"What did he say?" inquired the second.

"He said, 'One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow!'"—Chicago Tribune.

Paradoxical.

"Are you married?" asked the justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy.

"No, I am not married, but my wife is."

"No trifling with the court."

"I'm not trifling with the court. I was married, but got a divorce. My wife got married again, but I didn't, so I'm not married, but my wife is."—London Tit-Bits.

Rather Personal.

How many times a day do you unthinkingly say "What?" to a man when you heard what he said. How many times do you ask people questions and then don't listen to their answer? How many times a month do you repeat the same joke? Do you ever say anything original? What is a bore anyhow?—Atchison Globe.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Dickson Comedy Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"On the Mississippi."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Mrs. Langtry in "Esther Sandraz."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Eddie Foy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Lottie Collins' Troubadours.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Land of the Midnight Sun."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Mr. and Mrs. Byron.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MR. CUSACK CORRECTS A CURIOUS BLUNDER.

Our esteemed Irish friend Michael Cusack, in a communication to the Dublin *Independent*, pokes some mild fun at THE CITIZEN, because of a blunder of one of its writers in connection with the history of the Irish Brigade of the Bourbon days of France and the Irish Legion of the Napoleonic epoch. As the name of the editor of THE CITIZEN has been mentioned in the letter of Mr. Cusack, it is only fair to Mr. Finerty to state that he was absent from the city when the article referred to appeared; and, as he has for years made the history of those military exiles a study, and frequently lectured upon it, it is absurd to suppose that he could make such a blunder. However, there are writers who confuse dates and chronological order, because they will not take the trouble of looking up the subject of which they are in doubt in some book of reference, which is always accessible in all cities, provided with public libraries. Some of the best writers, as to style, we have known were inaccurate in regard to facts. It is a bad habit, and ought to be easily susceptible of cure. The section of the article quoted from THE CITIZEN by Mr. Cusack runs as follows:

"The Irish Brigade, under the regime of the Louis, the Irish Legion that followed the leadership of Napoleon (sic) in his conquering march over Europe, left behind them a trail of glory by the victories they achieved on the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, and a thousand other plains and valleys of Europe. In the town of Cremona, Italy, clad only in their night shirts, the Irish warriors, at the hour of midnight, expelled, at the points of their bayonets, Prince Eugene and his Austrian troops from that citadel; while their French comrades were giving themselves up to the swilling of champagne and other indulgences in licentiousness. The bravery and intrepidity of the Irish soldiers in the Revolutionary War and the Civil War in the service of this country, are too well known to be described here. THE CITIZEN would advise the formation of a society in Dublin which could provide volumes of Irish history for the youth of Ireland, the perusal of which would render them proud of their native land, and of the glorious military commanders who were born on its emerald soil."

"'You will observe,' says Mr. Cusack, 'that Napoleon comes in queerly in the above paragraph. Nevertheless, he would be a cross Irishman who would find fault with an Irishman who makes such a newspaper slip. The latter part of THE CITIZEN article does not seem to be up to date. But with that I have very little to do at present. THE CITIZEN has done well by taking part in the discussion inaugurated by the *Independent*.'"

We confess our utter astonishment that any writer for THE CITIZEN could, for a moment, confound the era of Ramilies, Cremona, and Fontenoy, with the era of Austerlitz, Wagram and Lutzen, and we cannot blame Mr. Cusack for indulging in a little sly fun at our expense. We cannot be everywhere, or even in two places at the same time, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird; but we hope the writer who "put his foot in it" will take heed and not again trust to a super-treacherous memory.

Mr. Cusack writes *sic* after the words "the Irish Legion that followed the leadership of Napoleon," as if in some doubt regarding the fact. The Irish Legion was organized by direction of the Emperor himself, and he caused it to be presented with Green Flags, in recognition of its Irish character. The Legion was largely officered by the Irish exiles of 1798 and 1803, to whom Napoleon was particularly kind. In its ranks were to be found many of the gallant men who fought in Wexford and elsewhere in Ireland, and it was led by such chiefs as Lawless, Corbett, Allen and Miles Byrne, whose memoirs give its heroic history in graphic form. At Bautzen, in 1813, the Legion had the honor to be commanded by Marshal Ney in person, and it was so slow to retire from the skirmish line that the Marshal rode up to one soldier and asked why he had not obeyed the recall. "Sure, Marshal," said the Irishman, "I didn't want to come in till I killed that Cossack, who was firing at me the whole blessed mornin'." "And did you kill him?" demanded Ney. "Faix I did, Marshal, sure enough." "It was well done," said the hero, and he rode away laughing at the Irishman's notion of military duty.

JOE MURPHY AT HOOLEY'S

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the world renowned Irish comedian, will begin a two weeks' engagement at Hooley's Sunday evening, in the inimitable character of "The Kerry Gow," which has cured more cases of dyspepsia than all the doctors in the United States. Mr. Murphy's fine personality adds greatly to the finished character of his performances. He gives the vigorous, handsome, witty, dashing Irishman, without offensive exaggeration of any kind, because the actor is himself sensitive in regard to anything that might in even the slightest degree reflect upon the Irish character. It is this decency of presentation, as well as his native genius, that has made Joseph Murphy more successful before the footlights than any Irish character actor that has preceded him. In the following week Mr. Murphy will give his celebrated representation of "Shaun Rhue," which is not second to even "The Kerry Gow" in side rplitting, as well as pathetic, situations. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Murphy a most prosperous season.

PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE CITIZEN is glad to perceive an undercurrent of practical thought in Ireland, altogether apart from politics of any kind. The resources of the country are naturally very great, and, notwithstanding English competition, it seems to us that a great deal might be done toward making Ireland much more of a manufacturing country than she is today. She produces some of the best wool in the world, and her water power is so magnificent that machinery can be run there for manufacturing purposes much cheaper than in less favored but better governed countries. In the matter of manufactures, Ireland would not have to contend with Irish Tory jealousy, or Whig indifference. It is to the interest of all Irishmen, whether "rebels" or "loyalists," Whigs or Tories, Orangemen or Ribbonmen, to make the country as prosperous as possible under existing conditions. Without additional manufactures, the population must continue to dwindle, and the masses of the people will have, as heretofore, to depend on the resources of the land for support. Thoughtful men in Ireland are beginning to take a serious view of the matter, and we are pleased to present to our readers the views of an Irish Tory, who is a candidate for Parliament from North Dublin. This gentleman, Mr. D. J. Wilson, in an address recently delivered before the Workingmen's Club at Inchicore, said:

"The Irish question had a material as distinguished from a sentimental aspect. He was a materialist rather than a sentimentalist in Irish politics. He had studied Irish history, and he made no secret of the fact that had he lived at some of those periods when his country was neglected he should, he believed, have been a rebel, because he believed that English mismanagement in the distant(?) past had caused many wrongs to Ireland. He had made the same statement frequently in England, and he saw no reason why he should not make it there. In Irish political life they were not sufficiently charitable to those who hold different views from themselves. He (Mr. Wilson) held that the practical development of Ireland's resources was the best way of securing the prosperity of Ireland. For the past ten years there had been a great deal of legislation passed for the farmer, but, with the exception of the formation of the Congested Districts Board, nothing had been done for the workingman. They had not in this country many other resources than agriculture, but it was a strange fact that in spite of the legislative neglect of such other resources as they had, the few industries that at present exist had prospered in a remarkable way. Let him mention as examples their linen trade, their whisky and porter trade, and their shipbuilding trade. He found that the tonnage of ships built in Ireland fifty years ago amounted to only 415 tons. Today it had risen to upwards of 100,000 tons.

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin recently made a speech, with the spirit of which he heartily concurred, in which he said that the time had come when some of our energies which were now devoted to agriculture should be turned towards legislation in the direction of improving our manufacturee and trade. In his opinion the chief object to which they should turn was the question of technical education. They wanted the Irish boy, who was as clever as the Welsh boy, or the Scotch boy, or even the English boy, to get an education that would fit him to compete in his trade with those other boys, and to be able to earn his bread honorably in his own country. This was a question on which all true Irishmen should unite. The next great requirement of a practical Ireland was, to his mind, the attraction to our shores of capital. As a pioneer in philanthrophy they would all admit Lady Aberdeen holds the premier rank. Mr. Wilson also referred with pleasure to the company lately started for the development of Irish tourist traffic. He held that our Irish scenery was the most beautiful in the world. A time was coming when not only Irish politicians but the Irish public would be convinced of the necessity of developing our resources. To be practical, they wanted two chief things in this country—to educate our youth so that they may be able to compete with those of any other nation, and to attract money to our shores to employ our youth when so educated. They wanted money and they wanted to keep it there, and one way they could do that was to imitate the example of their own railroad company, and buy home-manufactured articles. If they were really patriotic they would help their own countrymen."

THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

The young Duke of Orleans says he will regain the crown of his fathers or perish in the attempt. France laughs at his threat. There is only one man of the House of Orleans whom the French respect, and that is the brave and brilliant Duc d'Aumale, uncle of Orleans, who has all the good and gracious characteristics of the Bourbon race, without any of their foibles. D'Aumale is the fourth son of the late King Louis Philippe, of France, and proved himself a right gallant soldier in the African wars, and he offered his sword for the defense of his native land against the Prussians, like all the members of his martial house.

It is a great pity that the House of Orleans does not give up its pretensions to the crown of France, which can never be restored. The Orleans princes are a fine body of French gentlemen, in the personal sense, scholars, soldiers and men of literary tastes. It is a pity that the superstition of royal pedigree exiles some of them from a country which, otherwise, their talents and virtues would adorn. These descendants of Louis XIII., who was only a mediocre King, are much more gifted intellectually than were the elder branch of the Bourbons, descended from Louis XIV., who, except Napoleon I., was the greatest of French monarchs.

THE A.P.A. IN AUBURNDALE.

Auburndale is a suburb of Boston, Mass. This village contains a large number of professedly religious people, comprising retired missionaries and clergymen, who believe that it is worse than hell for any one, who is not a dissenter of some kind to live in that hamlet. The local members of the A. P. A. are said to be all dissenters. A year or so ago Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, a poetess and prose writer, whose contributions appeared in the leading American, and Catholic magazines of the United States, was appointed by the postal department of Washington as postmistress of the Auburndale postoffice at a salary of $1,800 a year, out of which Miss Guiney has to pay her assistants. When the report of the Auburndale postoffice was sent to Washington, it was discovered that the sale of postage stamps had fallen off to such a large extent that the rank of that office was reduced, and also the salary of the postmistress.

Who were the knaves of Auburndale that meanly purchased their stamps elsewhere in order to injure this lady, because of her Catholicity? The pious and Pharisee persons in their hymns, worshipping the good Lord, sing such lines as these at their Sunday services, "Love thy neighbor as thou wouldst thyself!" And yet these canting devotees were all banded in a vile conspiracy against their neighbor, Miss Guiney, to the injury of her material interests. Is this God-like charity? No, it is a Godless hate, for these pious people hated their postmistress because she was a Catholic! And yet Miss Guiney is the daughter of a Federal officer, who was wounded by a Confederate bullet on a battlefield championing the glorious cause of the Union in the late Civil war. His name was Patrick R. Guiney, a brave and gallant Irishman, who, when his adopted country was in danger of being disunited, enlisted in that famous regiment of Irish warriors, the Ninth Massachusetts. After fighting for three years under the National flag, he was breveted brigadier-general for feats of valor. While leading his forces into the battle of the Wilderness he received a wound that afterwards caused his death, dying that of a hero and a martyr in behalf of America's independence, and the integrity of the Union between North and South.

And it is of the daughter of this brave and self-sacrificing officer, the religious prigs of a little hamlet are seeking to make their victim. These people, however, have done Miss Guiney a great service. The fact of her having been boycotted, and the "reasons" for her having been treated so, were flashed on the telegraph wires throughout the land. Thousands of her friends and admirers send, and will continue to send, her their requests to forward them an unlimited supply of postage stamps. Now it looks as if the rank of Miss Guiney's postoffice will rise to a higher level than ever, and her salary will be correspondingly increased. So the old philosopher was a wise man when he said, "Out of evil cometh good."

Prof. Arlo Bates, a non-Catholic, a distinguished poet and essayist, professor of American and English literature at the Institute of Technology, Boston, has this to say of Miss Guiney's barbarous treatment: "There has never before come to my personal knowledge any instance of persecution so intolerant, so outrageous, so utterly without shadow of justification, as the boycotting of Miss Guiney by the A.P.A. A lady of highest character, of rich and unusual gifts, of perfect official rectitude, the daughter of a brave and patriotic officer of the Union army, is being hounded out of her means of livelihood by a company of narrow-minded and violent fanatics simply on account of her religious faith. The thing would be incredible were it not actual. It is an instance of bigotry worthy only of the darkest of dark ages, and I have not words strong enough to express my indignation and my righteous anger. If there is not in Massachusetts enough love of fair play and respect for tolerance and honesty to prevent the A.P.A. from thus riding down all justice and decency, it is high time that we acknowledge our civilization and ethics a practical failure." D.

ABERDEEN'S KILT.

At a recent banquet of the Highland Association in New York, Lord Aberdeen, governor general of Canada, appeared in a kilt. Among the orators was the irrepressible "Jim" Choate, who apologized for having appeared in a plain American claw-hammer, and "dress pants." "Had I been aware," said Jim, "that Lord Aberdeen was to come without his breeches, I'd have left my trousers at home also." A tremendous roar of laughter followed this hit, and none joined more heartily in the merriment than Lord Aberdeen himself. Editor Dana, commenting on the episode in the New York *Sun*, said it was a pity Mr. Choate had not followed the example of Aberdeen, and given the Scotchmen a rival leg beauty show.

FATHER SHEEHY'S LECTURE.

The Rev. Eugene Sheehy, of Limerick, will lecture in Central Music Hall next Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, on "The Men and Movement of 1848." Father Sheehy has been severely criticised for inconsistency in the Irish National cause on this side of the water, but he and his friends, in this city and elsewhere, claim that he has been, to a great extent, misrepresented. There was a time, and that not so long ago, when no man stood higher among the Irish Nationalists of this country than the Rev. Eugene Sheehy. Like many other "too easily deluded" Irishmen, he yielded for a period to the mesmerism of the Whigs, who sang about Irish home rule until the real Irish National movement was lulled to sleep, for a season. Father Sheehy has been accused of accepting the British Union Jack as a satisfactory emblem of Irish "national" aspiration. The subject on which he is to speak at Central Music Hall will afford him ample scope to refute the charge, if it is false, and THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes he will avail himself of the opportunity. We desire to condemn no man unheard, least of all one who formerly ranged himself beneath the glorious green banner of '98 and Young Ireland. Let Father Sheehy be heard.

REDMOND AND ROSEBERY.

The New York *Sun*, true to its traditions, takes as active an interest in the Irish question as ever. Mr. Dana has always been one of Ireland's most sincere and unselfish American friends. Recently, John E. Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, published an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he took strong ground against continuing the Rosebery ministry in power, as it has shelved home rule, without giving a definite date for its reappearance in the Whig programme. The situation, in Mr. Redmond's judgment, is "full of peril to the Irish cause," and the best way, in his opinion, to terminate it is to "take a summary way to put an end to it," which means dissolution. The *Sun*, concluding its comment on Mr. Redmond's article, says:

"But suppose that an early appeal to the electors under these circumstances should result in a defeat of the Rosebery government? Better this, says Mr. Redmond, than a continuance of the present state of things. A reversion to the Balfour regime in Dublin would at least have the effect of consolidating and bracing the true friends of Ireland, and would put an end to the political gangrene which is now eating at the heart of their cause. It was the very severity of the Balfour regime which kept home rule in the foreground of imperial politics, and converted many Englishmen to a belief in the justice and expediency of granting the Nationalist demand, by demonstrating that an insolent and brutal tyranny could never achieve the conquest of the Irish people. Better a recurrence to that situation than that a Liberal majority should be returned under such conditions as would paralyze once more the Irish national movement against foreign rule, by poisoning some of the chief springs from which the movement must derive strength and vitality.

"These, at all events, are the convictions and deliberate resolves of an Irish party, which, although it has but nine representatives in the present parliament, is yet powerful enough to cut down by about one-half the already small majority on which the Liberals depend, and thus expose them to grave peril in the session soon to open."

THE CITIZEN deeply regrets to have to announce the death of Mr. L. H. O'Connor, Jr., son of our old and much esteemed friend, Mr. L. H. O'Connor, of Marshfield avenue. The young gentleman had been an invalid for some time, and his death was, therefore, not unexpected. Still the grief of his father and the family at large is not mitigated by this fact, and they have the sincerest sympathy of all their friends in their bereavement.

A LIEUTENANT of the Royal Fusiliers, a protestant, is reported to have been lately guilty of a scandalous outrage in Ballybricken Roman Catholic church, Waterford. He was in charge of the military attending the Sunday morning mass, and during the celebration suddenly called on his men to leave the church. A majority of them obeyed orders, but a large number under the direction of a sergeant refused to do so. When the service was over the officiating clergyman at once visited the military barracks and laid the matter before the commanding officer, who has reported to headquarters. A great sensation was caused in the town and the indignation will be hard to appease.

QUEEN VIC is said to be aging rapidly. Well, she is 75 and cannot expect to run foot races at that age. Rheumatism in the knees is her chief ailment. It is none of our business, but we advise the old lady to change her tipple from Scotch to Irish whisky. A change of liquid diet will have a beneficial effect on the hinges of her royal and imperial knees.

THE numerous friends of Mr. Jesse Hoffman, of THE CITIZEN printing department, will be grieved to learn that his bright little daughter, Margaret, died of scarlet fever at the family residence, No. 150 Seventy-seventh court, Cheltenham, on the 24th ult. Medical skill was of no avail in averting the progress of the disease, and, after a brave struggle, the little one succumbed to the destroyer.

MR. JOHN T. EMMET died suddenly of heart disease at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y., Nov. 23. He was a son of Robert T. Emmet, judge of the Superior Court of New York, a grand-nephew of the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, and a grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet, and was born in New York city in 1828. He was the youngest son of a family of seven sons and one daughter. He attended Columbia college, after which he entered the insurance business in New York. He retired in 1876. Besides his wife, two brothers and a sister survive him. They are Richard T. Emmet, a Wall street lawyer; William J. Emmet, a retired shipping merchant, and Miss Lydia Emmet.

NICK, of Russia, who, a month ago, was denounced by the English and most of the American press as a weakling, a sodomite and only the dovil knows what besides, is now said to be an able, and even eloquent ruler of men! What divinity doth hedge a king even in these days! Nick is said to be quite "gone" on the Prince of Wales. Alix, the czarina, had better keep her eye on this precious pair.

MR. ROSSA F. DOWNING, son of the late Col. P. J. Downing, of the Forty-second and Ninety-ninth New York Infantry, has opened an office at No. 1416 F street, N.W., Washington, D. C., for the practice of law before all the courts and the committees of Congress. He is associated with Col. James R. O'Beirne, of New York, and Col. James D. Brady, ex-member of Congress from Virginia.

THE lately deceased Father Healy, of Little Bray, county Dublin, was the wittiest of Irish priests. Prof. Mahaffy of Trinity College thus writes of this gifted priest in the London *Athenæum*, a high class literary weekly: "The simple fact is that a poor parish priest, not gifted as a preacher or a writer, passed away after a long life of modest usefulness; and yet the announcement will be felt in many circles—from those of the poor, who meet together to talk in their cottages at Bray, to those of the peers who fare sumptuously every day throughout their mansions in England—as a distinct blow to society, a loss to the brightness of their life, a sudden gap which no living man can step. Father Healy received no privileges from his outward circumstances. Born, as he often boasted, in the Liberties (Francis street) of Dublin, educated (with some distinction) at Maynooth, he spent almost all his clerical life as curate or parish priest of Little Bray. Six months ago, when his health and powers of enjoyment were failing, he was promoted to the neighboring parish of Ballybrack. He probably at no time commanded more than £200 a year—his parish was the poorest in the diocese—and yet by the large qualities of head and heart, helped by the native fund of wit of the first order, he made himself beloved and respected by his parishioners, approved by his diocesan, the centre of a simple but large hospitality in his home, the favored and envied guest of the great, the model of what an Irish priest might be. Though opposed in his politics to the majority of his order, though most outspoken in his opinions, he never forfeited the friendship of his most bigoted opponents. But he took no active part in non-ecclesiastical quarrels; he was never seen on a platform, he never acted as canvassing-agent at an election. As I have said, his wit was spontaneous. No man could ever suspect him of preparation. In the second place it was pure, a quality very distinctive of Irish wit, and one which he asserted for it when the need arose, not without sternness. Thirdly, it was kindly, nor did he ever use his power to hurt the feelings of any human being. Yet many a severe moral lesson was conveyed to his Irish parishioners with this consoling flavor; many a young man checked in doubtful talk; of course, many a weary and sick soul cheered by this gift from a pastor who could say, with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.' Though he saw the humorous side of things spontaneously, he could not be called a humorist; he was essentially a natural wit, who turned any chance topic that arose with brilliant versatility to his purpose."

UNDER the presidency of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, the well known war correspondent, journalist and teller of good stories, the anniversary of Oliver Goldsmith's birthday, Nov. 17, was commemorated in London by the Irish Literary Society at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi terrace. Mr. P. J. Kirwan, an Irishman who has worked himself to the front of English elocutionists, delivered an address on the poet, with many illustrative recitations from his works.

KAISER WILHELM has been making another speech, this time to the naval cadets. He tells the young gentlemen that men envy them their uniform. This may be so, but it must be the German workingmen, who are not left a decent coat on their backs because of excessive military and naval taxation.

FROM Clifden comes the news of the death of another unfortunate victim of English oppression and cruelty, Mr. Michael Walsh of Letterfrack. About six months ago he obtained his release from prison on account of ill health, having undergone the tortures of imprisonment for just twelve years. It may be recollected for the memory of Irish-Americans for their suffering fellow-countrymen is a long one, that Walsh and his brother were arrested on a charge of being concerned in the murder of a police-sergeant named Cavanagh, at Letterfrack. Both were found guilty and sentenced to death, but Michael Walsh, at that time only 16 years of age, was reprieved and received instead a life sentence of penal servitude. On his release he had to go into a hospital, but hope and health were completely ruined, and he did not even live to receive the public subscription which considerate friends had raised for him.

A MISSION will open at St. Patrick's Catholic church, Lemont, Ill., next Sunday, Dec. 9, which will be conducted by the Rev. Fathers Bloomer and McGill of the Dominican Order. The pastor, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, has been busy taking the parochial census during the last two weeks, in order to see how many were remiss in their religious duties.

HENRY IRVING played in the Gaiety theatre of Dublin last week. The dramas, in which he acted the principal part, were "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice," "Nance Oldfield," "The Bells," and "The Lyons Mail." The Trinity College Historical Society entertained the great actor at a banquet. Mr. Stoker, who is Irving's manager, happened to be the auditor of the College Historical Society, when Mr. Irving first played "Hamlet" in the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins street, Dublin. The Trinity College dons gave him a night, and the house was filled. When the tercentenary of the College was celebrated a few years ago, the senate of Trinity accorded the distinguished tragedian the degree of LL.D.

MR. DAVITT intends next spring to proceed to Australia on a lecturing tour.

MR. NICHOLAS O'CONOR, a native of Cork, Ireland, is the ambassador of the British government at Pekin. In addition to his being an Irishman, he is a Catholic. Mr. O'Conor has had considerable experience of Chinese affairs. He entered the diplomatic service in 1866. In 1883 he was appointed to secretary to the delegation in Pekin. He was at one time secretary to the English legation in Paris. In 1892, he was plenipotentiary to the emperor of China, and the king of Corea.

THE number of the French regular army, as recorded in the financial budget of the ministry of war, will reach 515,000 men in 1895—a much higher figure than that of 1894. This year's army was 15,000 above that of 1893. The French and German regular armies are each over half a million.

SULLIVAN'S TALK.

The ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin and Author of "God Save Ireland" Addresses a Small Gathering at Central Music Hall.

He Gives An Interesting Sketch of Modern Irish Politics From the Standpoint of An Eye-Witness.

"Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life" formed the subject of the lecture by T. D. Sullivan, M. P., ex-Mayor of Dublin, at Central Music Hall last night.

The audience was comparatively small. This, says the *Inter-Ocean* of the 2d inst., was by some attributed to the circumstance of the lecture occurring so soon after the regular annual Irish meeting of last night week, and by others to the fact of Mr. Sullivan belonging to the greater or anti-Parnellite wing of the Irish Parliamentary party, which branch seems to be unpopular with many Irish residents of Chicago.

However, the frequent bursts of applause and laughter evoked by the lecture made up in some measure for the paucity of attendance. Mr. Sullivan commands an easy flow of graceful language combined with a pleasant Irish accent and happy method of delivery. His discourse was flavored with frequent amusing anecdotes and witty remarks, also by quotations from some of his own humorous political poems.

He was accompanied upon the stage by ex-Judge Thomas A. Moran, Judge Scales and Rev. E. Sheehy.

Among the audience were W. J. Hynes, Alexander Sullivan, Rev. Brother Adjutor, Colonel Colby, Justice Gibbons, and other well known Irish-Americans.

Ex-Judge Moran introduced the lecturer, who, he said, had been identified with the political life of Ireland for the last twenty-five years. Some old philosopher said that if he were allowed to make the songs of a people he cared not who made their laws, and this wise old saw was illustrated in the career of Mr. Sullivan. The laws by which the Irish people were governed were made by their enemies, but the fire of patriotism was kept burning bright in Irish hearts; for, although their laws were made at Westminster, their songs were made by the orator of the evening.

"I propose to talk of Irish politics within my own experience, which extends very far back," commenced Mr. Sullivan. "I attended one of Daniel O'Connell's monster meetings in Ireland. I was a member of one of the National clubs in 1848. I was young then, I am old now, but I have remained on that line of action and have not departed from it from the time I understood what it was to be an Irishman and to seek and hope to be an Irish patriot. (Applause.)

"At that time the hopes of the Irish people were high. They had a great leader and they were numerous, united, and determined. But the black famine came upon the land, the food of the people rotted in the ground, and to die by hunger and by famine fever became the lot of hundreds of thousands of the Irish race. This desperate calamity broke up the repeal movement and broke the heart of the great Repealer, Daniel O'Connell. For some time afterward there was the quietude of despair in the land. Politics appeared to have died out; but it is not in the Irish people to remain long quiescent under political conditions which they believe to be unjust and dishonest to their nation and their race, and so, before the shadow of the famine had passed away from the land, we had a number of young men preparing to raise again the banner of Irish nationality."

He described the growth of the Irish Tenant League and briefly touched on the Fenian movement.

"Many among you are perfectly familiar with it," he said. "It gave considerable fright to the government of the land, but in that field of action Ireland was entirely overmatched and could not contend with the organized might of her neighbor nation. I remember the alarm of the authorities in Dublin at the considerable number of strapping young men recently arrived from America, fine young fellows whose air and gait and mien showed they had imbibed the spirit of freedom. Whenever a stalwart young fellow was seen in a soft hat and square-toed boots the police regarded him as a dangerous character and usually arrested him."

Mr. Sullivan then quoted from a poem written by him at this period:

Says Johnny Bull to Larcom,
"Oh, tell my dear police
To watch those wicked foreigners
Who much disturb my peace;
Who come across the ocean
On no maulfest pursuits,
And who swagger down my thoroughfares
In square-toed boots."

The Fenian movement declined and passed away to give place to the revival of constitutional agitation under Isaac Butt, a North of Ireland Protestant, an eminent lawyer, and a very worthy old gentleman with the instincts of Irish patriotism. But when, tired with waiting for redress from the British Parliament, the Irish party adopted the policy of obstruction, Mr. Butt did not countenance their tactics. He looked upon the House of Commons as sacred and any interference with its methods a sort of sacrilege. He therefore retired from the leadership of the Irish party and gave place to Mr. Parnell.

The mention of Parnell's name evoked the loudest applause of the night.

Mr. Sullivan then described how the Irish party obstructed the business of Parliament by points and motions of every kind, and speeches long and short, but generally long; how Joe Bigger made a celebrated four-hour speech, quoting copiously from Parliamentary "blue books," and remarking when the speaker tried to shut him off: "Now, Mr. Speaker, if there's any portion of my speech you have not heard, I'm perfectly willing to begin it all over again."

He described the cruelty of landlordism, and the evil of greedy land-grabbing, in reference to which he sang one of his songs.

"It's not an opera air or a music-hall ditty," he explained, "nothing like 'Tarara-Boom-de-ay,' but what we call in Ireland an old lamentation."

Then, amid sounds of hearty applause and laughter, he sang "Murty Hynes," reciting the wrongdoing and repentance of a landgrabber, while W. J. Hynes, in a side box, blushed at the fame of his Galwegian namesake. He also quoted from a poem occasioned by the complaint of T. W. Russell, a landlord M.P., that a tenant's daughter, well dressed, was carrying three quarters' rent on her back. The concluding verse was:

"England now knows," says T. W. Russell,
"How tenants can rob and campaigners can cheat;
Cassidy's daughter is wearing a bustle,
A fringe on her forehead, and boots on her feet."

In continuation, he described how friendly Englishmen and English ladies visited Ireland and saw for themselves the cruel evictions and the brutality of landlords and police, and how eventually the English mind was stirred up to a sense of the injustice which was being done Ireland. The results were shown in the pastage of three good, though imperfect, land acts, and in the intention of the present government, on the report of a committee presided over by John Morley (applause), to bring in a new and beneficial land bill at the next session of parliament. As to the house of lords, which had worked great and persistent evil to Ireland, its downfall was not far off. It would soon be attacked by the English Liberals, and when the trumpet was sounded for battle the Irish party would charge upon that house with a resolve as fixed as that of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy.

Mr. Sullivan was warmly applauded at the conclusion of his address.

M'AVOY'S MALT MARROW.

The most justly celebrated of modern tonics for the human system is the McAvoy Brewing Co's. Malt Marrow, which has virtually superseded all other tonics of a nutritive character in this country. It is preseribed for persons in delicate health by physicians and is used throughout the city in large quantities. The Malt Marrow is composed of the concentrated extract of malt and hops, of the very best quality, is pleasant to the taste and exhilarating to the system. Persons troubled with insomnia find it an invaluable remedy, when taken at, or a little before, the hour of retiring for the night. While it superinduces healthful sleep, it leaves no unpleasant feeling in the head, or after taste in the mouth the next morning, and, being devoid of gas, can be used with perfect safety by those who suffer from dyspepsia, and who cannot take highly charged beverages into the stomach. Those who have never tried Mc'Avoy's Malt Marrow should do so at once, and be convinced of its efficacy. A case of it would make a most acceptable Christmas gift.

The McAvoy Company also brews the renowned Club Export Beer, which is light and pale, and intended for table use, forming a delightful tonic at meals. The Weiner Beer, manufactured by the same firm, is of a darker and heavier quality, and is also a great favorite for table use.

Telephone South, 257.

HYMENEAL.

TYRRELL–KEANE.

Mr. Patrick Tyrrell, of THE CITIZEN'S business department, was married to Miss Anna Keane, at St. Patrick's church, at 6 o'clock mass last Saturday morning, by the Rev. Father Burns. It was quite a romantic match, as the young couple were acquainted in Ireland from childhood. The ocean could not divide them, and now that they are united for life, all their friends wish them happiness and prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell reside at No. 807 Thirty-fourth street.

MR. PETER O'CONNOR, father of the Rev. M. J. O'Connor, S. J., died at his residence, No. 54 Johnson street, on Tuesday. The funeral occurred Thursday morning, from the house to the Church of the Holy Family, where requiem high mass was celebrated. The Rev. Father Dowling, S. J., preached the obituary sermon, which was very eloquent. The interment was at Calvary.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Bergeson, of Notre Dame church, is spending a few weeks in the far West.

This (Saturday) evening there will be a sermon in St. Peter's church for the Young Ladies' Sodality.

The popular temperance advocate and orator, the Rev. James M. Hagan, of Lagrange, lectured last Sunday afternoon in Sodality hall, May and Eleventh streets.

The feast of the immaculate conception, which occurs today (Saturday), is a holy day of obligation. Services in the principal churches will be the same as on Sundays.

Next Sunday, Dec. 9, a retreat for young ladies will begin in the Jesuit Church on Twelfth street. The Rev. Father Mulcony will conduct the exercises. The services will be at 6 o'clock in the morning and at 7:30 o'clock at night.

The Very Rev. G. Francais, C.S.S.C., superior-general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who succeeds the late Father Sorin, arrived at the University of Notre Dame recently, and was received with distidguished honors by the faculty and students.

Distress Coming.

The failure of the potato crop is general, and there can be no doubt that in a great many districts throughout the country there will be very acute distress. The Listowel Board of Guardians have sent a full report of the condition of the districts under their control to Mr. Sexton, M. P., and he has promised to bring the matter to the notice of the government at once. We suppose this is something to be thankful for. But Mr. Morely, notwithstanding the roseate reports of the registrar-general, is not up to this without being aware of the failure of the potato crop. His brief run through Donegal must have opened his eyes. Is he, too, like one of the Liberal predecessors in his office—Mr. Trevelyan—is he waiting for the "pinch of hunger" to solve the difficulty in the easiest way for the government, by driving the starving laborers and the small farmers into the workhouse? Mr. Morley and his friends are very profuse in their promises to and professions of sympathy with Ireland, but when distress, in some places verging on famine, is in the land, it is high time to show that these promises and professions are something more then idle words.—*Irish Independent.*

JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will.
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r bellyache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me.
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a ya'r dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing *she* knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
But, sometimes, when the groceryman is worrited and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip and larrups up his hoss;
An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched *me!*"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionerer like her oldes' brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she had never been to see a wild west show,
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an' still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum!
But I am so perlite and stick so earnest like to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies, cakes an' toys,
Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and *not* f'r naughty boys!
So wash yer face, an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say yessum to the ladies and yessir to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie again;
But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon *that tree*,
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!

—*Ladies' Home Journal*

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

[*To the Editor.*]

The movement in Ireland in favor of the political prisoners is likely to succeed if a little good judgment be exercised in working for their release. It should be impressed on parliament and the public that there are serious doubts about their guilt, as the charges against them were not proved by unimpeachable testimony.

It should be proved—as it can be—that in English prisons shocking barbarities are perpetrated on this class of prisoners, owing to the prejudices of the governors and warders in charge of them. Then, instead of demanding their release, a motion or effort should be made to have them transferred to Irish prisons from England.

Mr. Asquith will be as good as his word and will not release them. But he may be prevailed on to allow them to pass out of his own jurisdiction into that of the lord lieutenant of Ireland. If this change were effected, it is very probable that Mr. Morley's good offices could be secured in favor of release on condition that they would depart from the United Kingdom.

W. M. C.

MR. HOLDEN WINS.

[*To the Editor.*]

During the previous week a fair was held at the Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, for the support of the church, and the close of same was accompanied by the latter-day fad of "popularity contests." That for the most popular yonng man in the parish was, by all means, the one to which the majority of the people looked forward most anxiously. This on the part of the sterner sex as well as of their fair companions. Two contestants were put up to try for honor and glory and a valuable gold watch and chain. They were Edward Rainey, a young Chicagoan, whose connection with many societies was thought to be the key to victory. A son of old Kilkenny was put forward in the person of Patrick F. Holden to try titles with him. Votes were 10 cents each and unlimited in number. On the closing night excitement ran high and nerves underwent severe strains as the final moments passed and dollar-bills rolled into the coffers of Judges Hanrahan and Moran. Precisely at 11 p. m. Rev. Father Cartan declared the contest closed, and the judges proceeded to count their funds. After an hour-and-a-half of hard work this was completed, and then a mighty cheer—one of those that the boys of Kilkenny might have given in their palmiest days—went up from a thousand throats as Father Cartan declared Mr. Holden the winner by a majority of 429. He polled 5,625 votes and Mr. Rainey 5,196 votes.

The presentation took place in Columbia hall on last Sunday evening before an immense assembly. Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*, who made the presentation, delivered a very able and eloquent address, in which he stated the honorable principles on which Mr. Holden proved himself so deservedly popular. Messrs. John J. Hanrahan, John J. Sherlock, H. J. Hill and several others made short addresses suitable to the occasion. After Mr. Holden had suitably replied, the girls and boys set merrymaking, and tripped it on the floor until the small hours of the morning. Mr. Holden came to Chicago just three years ago, and, though only 23 years of age, has proven himself so worthy of the confidence and esteem of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, that today he is editor of the *Young Irishman*, President of the Irish Sunburst Club of Chicago, President of the Philo-Celtic Society of Chicago, President of the Great-American Branch of the Irish Fireside Literary Club, member of the Board of Censors of the recently-established Irish-American Lyceum, President of Division 35 of the A. O. H., and County Financial Secretary of that body, Vice-President of Council 224 of the Young Men's Institute, and a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

S. T.

PERSONAL.

Miss Lillie Marie Crean will entertain a party of young people at progressive euchre on Saturday evening, Dec. 18, at her residence, No. 1909 Indiana avenue.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, next Monday evening, Dec. 10, at 8:30 o'clock sharp. Free tickets of admission furnished on application to John J. Sherlock, secretary, at above address. The president, Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*, will deliver his inaugural address on that evening. Several other prominent speakers will contribute to make the programme varied and interesting.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interetsng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

Faoisdin an Oig-Fhir.

(Leis an g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn.)

O d'fhás mé suas bheith láidir mór,
O fuair mé stór agus cisde bheag,
O chuadhas ar cuairt ar fud na d-tiortha
Tá m'anam ciaptha go bocht 's go lag.

Ni ghabhaim aon abhrán, ni thig liom é,
Acht bean agus spré ag rith im' cheann;
Is fada, farsor, ó do léigh mé dán:
Ta mé ar fán agus tá mé gan greann.

Ni h-ionann mé agus bhi mé tráth;
Do bhi mé lá a's dá bh-fághainn leabhar,
Do chromfainn d'á léigheadh ar feadh an lae,
Go g-caillfainn ó'n léigheadh mo láth 's mo mheabhair.

Dá g-cuirfeá amárach ar mo láimh
An leabhar is feárr dá ndéarna peann,
Ni fhosgléchainn a clár—'sé mo mheas dá ríribh
Nach rachadh aon line dhe ann mo chesnn.

Do bhi mé lá a's nior ghnáth liom riamh
Bheith fallsa díomhaoineach mar atáim,
Acht ag gabhail abhrán 's ag léigheadh sgribhinn,
Agus bhidheadh m'inntinn ró-the 's ró-lán.

Nach mór an t-athrughadh tháinig orm,
Agus mise 'san bh-foirm-se dul ar strae,
Ni thuigim féin an nós dá leanaim,
'S ar uairibh messaim nach mé mé.

Cleasa an t-saoghail a's grádh do'n domhan
A's tabhairt do roghain bheith 'g iarraidh óir
Is iad do ruaig mo chroidhe im' chliabh
Mar fhiadh ar shliabh 's na coin 'n-a thóir.

Adeirim liom féin ceud mile nair
Nach bh-fuil acht luaithreadh in san ór,
Nach bh-fuil san m-beatha acht séideog gaoithe,
'S gur fir-neimhnidh an stoc 's an stór:

Nach bh-fuil 'sna righthibh is mó acht daoine,
'S nach bh-fuil 'sna daoinibh acht cárnáin cré—
Dá mbeud a n-abraim, dá mbeud a smaoinim,
Ni shocruighim m' inntinn, ni thig liom é.

A Iosa Chriost, fuair bás Dia h-Aoine
Ar son na n-daoine le pionds mór,
Dibir an t-saoghaltacht as mo chroidhe-se
An t-eallach, an talamh, an stoc, 's an stór.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. William Kirby, Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, vs. Johanna Fitzgibbons and Thomas F. Fitzgibbons, Edward J. Fitzgibbons, Julia M. Fitzgibbons, Johanna Fitzgibbons, John R. Fitzgibbons and Morris Fitzgibbons, minors, Charles L. Schaar, individually and as Trustee, Franz Koch and Charles L. Schaar, composing the firm of Schaar, Koch & Company. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 21st day of November A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, Robert Fitzgibbons had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate (or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of said decedent), situated in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighty-five (85) and Eighty-six (86) in Brown's Addition to the City of Chicago, said Lot Eighty-six (86) above mentioned will be sold subject to a Trust Deed dated July 21, 1890, given by said Robert Fitzgibbons and Johanna Fitzgibbons, his wife, to Charles L. Schaar, Trustee, to secure his note of even date with said Trust Deed, for the sum of $300, and subject also to the Dower rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Said Lot Eighty-five (85) above described will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of Deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 22, 1894.

WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the Estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a Trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 20, 1894.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

HOOLEY'S.

WEEK OF DECEMBER 9.

Special Engagement of the Legitimate Irish Comedian, MR.

JOSEPH MURPHY,

Supported by

A Carefully Selected Dramatic Company in the Greatest of all Irish Dramas,

THE

KERRY GOW

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SONG OF A SERENADE.

One night beneath my window, when the stars were bright above,
The music of a mandolin, blent with a lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness like the balmy breath of spring,
I opened up my window blinds and heard a singer sing

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet.
His bow is ever trusty, and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

At first I only lingered there to listen for awhile,
And thought the singer only sang the hours to beguile;
My heart began to tremble with the touch of every string
I opened wide my window blinds and heard the singer sing

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet.
His bow is ever trusty, and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

The weary day I'm waiting for the twilight shades to fall,
And where the tangled woodland waves I hear the lone dove call.
The song of running brooklets and a thousand birds a-wing
My eager ears will hear not when my love begins to sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet.
His bow is ever trusty, and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

—Cy Warman in McClure's Magazine.

THEATER BOX FOUR.

Le monde est le livre des femmes.—Rousseau.

Away back in the seventies we were touring in the midlands with the legitimate, and success had attended us thus far. We were booked at T. R. Treverton for six nights, and there opened with "Hamlet" on Monday to a full house.

During the entr'acte I had time to glance round the theater and take stock of the audience. The pit and circle were filled with respectable tradesmen, artisans and others, while a throng of the proverbial irrepressible "boys" were perched, like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, in that region known to the playgoers as "the gods."

Only one of the boxes was engaged, and this, No. 4, on the first tier. It was occupied by a lady, elegantly dressed, who, I noticed, scrutinized me through her pince nez and occasionally resorted to a pair of opera glasses.

Whenever I was on the stage she had her eyes on me, and it was a matter of comment among the company that it was only when I appeared to recite the lines set down for me that she appeared to evince the slightest interest in the piece.

However, nothing of note occurred. The curtain fell at the close of the play, and the house rapidly emptied.

The following morning I was chatting to Guy Tracey, the acting manager, when he remarked:

"You've evidently caught on here."

"How's that?" I hazarded.

"The lady who occupied box 4 has been in this morning and booked it for the entire week."

"She's evidently a devotee to the Swan."

"So much the better, if she patronizes Thespis to this tune," observed Tracey.

The subject then dropped, but at the evening performance the mysterious lady was at her post, as attentive a listener as ever.

On this occasion I took the opportunity of glancing at her from the stage. She was decidedly handsome, but there was a weird, vacant look about her eyes that was almost supernatural. Again she centered her attentions on myself and ignored the efforts of my confreres. Again the bedlamage in the greenroom waxed fast and furious.

As I left the theater that night I thought I perceived our fair patroness on the opposite side of the road, but dismissed the idea as preposterous.

Thursday was fixed for my benefit, and, as before, the lady was to be seen in box 4.

"This is getting interesting," I thought. "I wonder who the Mephistopheles she is?"

The call boy cut short further meditations, and in a few moments I was on the stage.

Throughout the evening she watched me closely and more than once applauded vigorously. At the end of the play I was "called," and she then hurled a large bouquet at me.

The affair was growing interesting. I acknowledged the compliment and retired. I am bound to confess that beyond its small intrinsic value the bouquet possessed but few charms for me, and meeting the lady who played Ophelia I handed her the posy, remarking:

"Render to Cæsar."

She took the floral offering, and in doing so dropped a billet doux from between the buds to the stage.

"Fie!" exclaimed little Miss Chester. "Is it thus you value your souvenirs?"

I laughed, picked up the note and retired. My toilet finished, I was just leaving the dressing room when it occurred to me the note was still unread.

To unfold it was the work of a second. It ran as follows:

HOTEL VICTORIA, TREVERTON.

"Box 4" presents her compliments to the beneficiare, Mr. ——, and will be pleased to see him at supper this evening. BEBE.

This was embarrassing, but I resolved to carry it into effect, despite the scandal likely to arise from the circumstances.

Rushing home to my room, I hastily changed my coat for the conventional abomination of evening dress. This done, I made my way to the Victoria, arriving as the cathedral clock was striking 12.

It was evident my visit was anticipated, as no sooner had I entered the hall than a waiter queried:

"Mr. ——? Yes, sir. Cold night, sir. This way, sir. Room 7. Mind the step, sir. Skating tomorrow, sir. Mind the step."

I found the door of room 7 open and the lady herself standing by it, waiting in apparently feverish eagerness. It was very flattering.

She saluted me with:

"Ah, mon amie, you are a little late, but I forgive you!"

I hesitated at the door; but, with a reassuring smile, she bade me enter and be seated.

I did so and found a recherche supper prepared, but no other guests visible.

While she was engaged in giving her instructions to the waiter I had an opportunity of scrutinizing my mysterious hostess. Apparently about 30 years of age and of commanding appearance, she conveyed the idea that she was not a lady to be trifled with. A profusion of jet black hair was coiled heavily about her head. Her nose was slighty retrousse, which, if anything, added to the air of abandon she assumed.

The only feature about her, however, that struck me as remarkable were her eyes. There was the same weird, vacant gaze about them that I noticed at the theater. Whenever she spoke to me, they became unusually brilliant.

Dismissing the waiter, she crossed to the cabinet and took out a small salver, the contents of which were hidden by a cover. This she placed on the table.

"Now for supper," she said. "I have here," tapping the salver with her fan, "a positive triumph—in fact, a 'creation' that would put Soyer to the blush." And she laughed merrily.

"May I"—

"Not yet," she said. "You actors reserve the transformation scene for the final act. I honor your traditions and do likewise."

Supper proceeded gayly. The menu was excellent, and my hostess chatted away bravely.

"Parlez vous Francais, m'sier?"

With my good friend Spriggins, I confessed I preferred English.

Bebe looked surprised.

"But, dites moi, you have been in Paris?"

I admitted the fact.

"Of course," she said, "and you visited Asnieres?"

I confessed I had spent a few days at that delightful suburb.

"Exactly," she retorted significantly, though why I at the time was at a loss to divine.

"Don't you think," she asked, with a smile, "it is rather a bold thing for my reputation to thus entertain an actor of whom I know comparatively nothing?"

"Certainly, and I have yet to learn the reason of my visit."

Bebe laughed, and then, suddenly changing her tone, she said:

"You shall know all."

I nodded.

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

Cigarettes were produced, and then, suddenly stopping, she exclaimed:

"Stay! We have forgotten the entree."

"Indeed we have!" And I placed my cigarette on the table.

Bebe touched the salver and glanced round apprehensively. Then she said:

"Let me tell you a story first. Will you listen?"

"Indeed I shall be delighted."

She drew her chair round till she was directly vis-a-vis; then, brushing back her hair and disclosing her firmly shaped contour, she fixed her eyes on me and said:

"Before I commence my narrative I must beg of you to reply to one or two questions."

"With pleasure."

"First, when were you in Paris?"

"Let me see. About 1868."

"Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight? Are you sure?"

"Positive."

Bebe seemed lost in thought for a moment and then continued:

"Did you play at the Odeon?"

"No."

"Or the Folie Dramatiques?"

"No; my visit to Paris was for pleasure. I never acted in a French theater in my life."

"But you speak French?"

"Indifferently. I am simply an English actor."

"Do you know M. Evreux, at Asnieres?"

"I do not."

"But you have been there?"

"So has every Englishman who visits Paris."

"You are deceiving me."

"Why should I?"

"Peste! Don't prevaricate!"

"Madame!"

"Forgive my impetuosity. You are a clever people, but I come of a nation that produced Fouche, and I am convinced"—

The complication was becoming embarrassing.

"Another cigarette?"

"Thanks."

"Now," said Bebe, "for my story. First, to assure myself there are no listeners."

Suiting the action to the word, she crossed to the door, opened it and peered out, reclosed and locked it.

I certainly began to feel a trifle nervous, but I was out for the evening, and it is not every page of one's life that is tinged with romance. Thus consoling myself, I awaited the next tactics of my hostess.

She was soon seated in her place. The entree on which she prided herself still remained on the table, carefully covered.

There was a mischievous brilliancy about her eyes that boded no good, but I laughed at the idea of danger. It was so very preposterous.

"Let me tell you a story, monsieur, and I must crave your close attention."

I nodded obedience.

"In August, 1868, there was a family living at Asnieres named ——. The household consisted of three persons, exclusive of the servants. These were monsieur and madame and the young daughter, Bertha. Another child was away in England at the time, of whom you shall hear more anon."

Bebe gave me a penetrating glance, as though to fathom the course my thoughts were taking. I replenished my glass of Moet and added:

"Pray proceed. You interest me."

"The —— were well known in the professional world of Paris, and each Sunday their reunions were crowded with the dilettanti of gay Lutetia. Artists, authors, actors, musicians and pretty women flocked to Belle Vue and were hospitably received by monsieur and madame, who were always rejoiced to meet their friends. Nor was their daughter Bertha less unremitting in her attention to the guests. Matters had gone on thus for several years, and no event had occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the little household. One Sunday among the visitors came an English actor."

Bebe looked at me, but as the information caused me no alarm she reiterated.

"An English actor, understand?"

"Yes."

"He was introduced to the family and proved himself a very entertaining guest. During the afternoon he gave several selections from your poet, Shakespeare, and charmed every one. Bertha, kind, gentle, debonnaire and impressionable, was evidently fascinated with the man, and he was invited to come frequently. He complied. What would life be without friendly intercourse?"

I acquiesced.

"For the next two or three days Bertha and the actor were often together. They wandered off to St. Germaine and vied with each other in culling the biggest violets. He contrived to meet her in all kinds of unexpected ways, sometimes when her father was with her, sometimes not. They promenaded on the terrace, and once M. —— even permitted their visitor from England to take Bertha to the salon.

"A week, a fortnight, sped by, and still the young couple evinced no desire to discontinue their friendship. Au contraire, it was evident Bertha had fallen violently in love with her preux chevalier, and he certainly appeared to reciprocate."

Bebe paused.

"And how did it all end?" I asked.

"Don't be impatient. We are coming to the denouement. He was invited to what you call put up with the household during his stay. He consented. One morning, when the household assembled, the visitor was missing."

"Gone?"

"Gone, like a thief in the night."

"The cad," I protested.

"Monsieur is an actor," she hazarded and continued: "The result of his exodus caused some little alarm, but as Bertha appeared to ignore the subject it was dropped by general consent, though it was evident, even to the casual observer, that she felt the slight keenly."

"Naturally."

"Permit me to finish the story. Three days after Bertha had disappeared also. Her absence was not noticed till the evening. The first train to Paris brought monsieur and madame, and naturally the morgue was the first place visited. Helas, their worst fears were realized! There, revealed to public gaze, peaceful in death, was—Bertha!"

At this point Bebe was evidently struggling against the emotion that manifested itself.

"Madame, your story"—

"Hear me out!" she ejaculated. "The body had been found in that receptacle of misery—the Seine. Whatever doubts existed as to having met her death by foul play were dispelled by the following note. I give you the translation:

"TO MY DEAR PARENTS—I have sought consolation in oblivion. Forgive your erring child, BERTHA."

"The profligate!" I cried, fully alive to the man's unmitigated villainy.

"Nay, hear me out. The sister referred to in the letter returned to Asnieres a month later, but the shock to the old people had been too much, and ere long they were conveyed to Pere la Chaise. Now, there was only one course open to the surviving daughter—revenge!"

"Exactly, but did you discover your man? What proofs had you?"

"Simply a photograph of the man as Hamlet, which he had given to Bertha, but I registered a vow I would traverse the continent—aye, the world itself—till I had discovered the destroyer of my family."

Again Bebe's emotions interfered with her utterance, and she looked as if she were going to swoon. I sprang forward.

"Be seated," she said authoritatively.

I began to wish myself some miles from Treverton.

She paused a moment and then regained her composure.

"My story is almost finished. I am Bertha's sister!"

"You?"

"I, Bebe!"

Here she drew herself up to her full height, and her eyes positively blazed with indignation. Crossing the room, she clutched me by the collar and hissed:

"You are her murderer!"

Then, releasing me, she sank back exhausted.

My first idea was to escape, but ere I could put the plan into execution she continued:

"I have prayed for this night to come."

I am fain to confess I did not coincide with her devotional past wishes.

"But surely, madame, you cannot connect me with this villain?"

"No connection is necessary. You are the man. With this photograph in my pocket I have visited nearly every theater in England. Early in the present week I took a box at the Theater Royal. You played Hamlet. The moment you stepped on the stage I was convinced you were the man. My one object was to get you in my power. I have succeeded."

"But," I urged, "this is madness. Any other actor might be selected as your victim simply because he played the unfortunate prince of Denmark."

"Peste! I told you I have prepared an entree with my own hands. Remove the dish."

I instinctively raised the cover from the salver, and there, revealed to view, were a couple of revolvers. Heavens, here was a predicament to be placed in! I rushed to the door. It was fastened.

"Come," she cried hysterically, "you do not fear? It is the old story of revenge. Choose!"

As she proffered the revolvers there was an air of determination about my lady that certainly boded ill for me.

"Cannot this be settled some other way?" I asked.

"Emphatically no. It is a duel to the death!"

By this time my opponent had detached a diamond necklace that surrounded her neck, and unfastening her dress displayed her bosom.

"You see, I am not afraid!" she gasped hoarsely.

"Madame," I said, "this is a serious matter. I assure you I know nothing of your sister, or"—

In another moment she pushed the weapon into my hand.

"We fire across the table. Will you count?"

"No!" I exclaimed as cheerfully as could be expected of a man who expects to either be shot—or hanged.

"Then I will give the signal."

I may not be written down as brave, but I looked hopefully toward the door.

"Are you ready?

"One!

"Two!

"Three!"

Click! There was no report.

At this point the door was burst violently open, and three men entered. Her attention was at once diverted from me to them.

In less time than it takes to write Bebe was secured and conveyed down stairs, where a nurse and a determined looking man were in waiting. She was guarded by the company till the following morning, when she was seen by a surgeon and magistrate, and on their certificates transferred to La Belle France.

From information subsequently given I learned that at least a part of her story was true.

Her sister, after a romantic courtship with a young English actor, had become insane and committed suicide. This had so disastrous an effect on the mind of Bebe as to impair her mental faculties. She was placed in a private asylum in Paris, but eluding the vigilance of her custodians had escaped, reached England, and with her sister's photograph in her possession had resolved on hunting down her old lover.

She had only been in England ten days, during which time she had resided a week at the Hotel Victoria.

Her conduct had been sans reproche, but her eccentricities had not escaped notice, and it was during her absence that the proprietor of the hotel—thoughtful soul!—had ordered the cartridges to be withdrawn from the revolvers in case of accident.

This thoughtfulness on his part had saved my life. On retiring for the night he had overheard the altercation and promptly communicated with the police, who had just received a visit from the keepers in connection with Bebe. It may be superstition, but I seldom look at a stage box now without remembering Bebe and box 4.—Good Company.

A Roast of Eland.

The flesh of the eland is excellent—fat, well tasted and resembling young beef, with a gamelike flavor. The shape of the animal is of course well known. For many years specimens of the unstriped South African variety have been bred and exhibited in the Zoological Society gardens. These elands, however, scarcely fairly represent the beast in its wild state and grow to nothing like the size and bulk. Mr. Bartlett informs me also that the breed shows in captivity a tendency to deterioration and occasionally requires fresh blood. Many of these beautiful antelopes have been imported and bred as ornaments to noblemen's parks.

A former Lord Derby bred them for some years. The present stock at the zoological gardens represents, I believe, his herd. Lord Hill also had some, and there are still a few here and there in parks about the country. A butcher in Shrewsbury once had the carcass of an eland of Lord Hill's for sale, but found it an impossibility to induce people to buy and eat it. Good as was the meat, his customers, with typical British mistrust, would have nothing to say to such new fangled stuff.

The eland is so comely, so striking and yet withal so gentle a beast, uniting some of the finest points of the antelope family with those of the zebu of India, and is so easily domesticated and bred in this country that the wonder is herds are not more often seen in private grounds. A little fresh blood now and again would serve to keep up the required condition and growth.—Chambers' Journal.

An Efficient Cleaner.

The sand blast is used extensively in England for the removal of molding sand, scale, etc., from steel, iron and brass castings, forgings, plates and for cleaning the stonework of public buildings. The air pressure employed is from eight to ten pounds per square inch. Chilled iron globules instead of quartz or flint sand are used with good results, and the surface thus prepared is ready for tinning, galvanizing, plating, bronzing, painting, etc., the innumerable little indentations causing the protecting materials to adhere with greater force. This method of cleaning castings acts with equal rapidity and thoroughness upon flat, curved, angular and indented surfaces. Small castings are placed in a slowly rotating barrel, through which the blast is directed so that no portion of the surface escapes the action of the sand. One hundredweight of castings can be cleaned in from 10 to 15 minutes with a blast created by two horsepower and the same weight of small forgings and stampings in from 20 to 30 minutes.—Exchange.

A BIG WHALE ON LAND

STRANGE DISCOVERIES MADE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Skeleton of the Big Fish Unearthed In a Street In Los Angeles—The Old Prospector's Discovery—History Written In the Hills and the Rocks.

Once while watching the excavation of a street through one of the steep hills that constitute a feature of the city of Los Angeles I saw something projecting from the soil, which, when uncovered by the workmen, proved to be the skeleton of a whale that had been lying there for untold ages. Its huge length stretched across the street, its tail lost beneath the fashionable houses of the vicinity.

There was something irresistibly fascinating in this idea—walking up a street and "running foul," as the sailors put it, of a whale, and whenever I passed that way I almost expected to hear some one shout, "There she blows!" and could see in my mind's eye the giant rising from the deep water that once flowed over the now populous City of the Angels and the surrounding hills.

Having had this slight experience with whales on dry land, I was not surprised when a friend related a similar experience to me and the astonishment its discovery produced. He was an old resident and in former years had been a prospector, and at times the old fever for discovery came upon him, upon which he would wander off on the edge of the desert or up among the mountains of southern California in search of color.

On one of these expeditions he followed up a dry wash, which in winter was a roaring torrent, and which for ages had sent down the rock and gravel of the adjacent mountains to the valley below, finally turning into a branch canyon, which gradually grew narrower and narrower until he found himself at the top of the range near the divide overlooking a deep amphitheater. On the north side the mountain had been cut down vertically, and from where he stood it looked as though a gigantic knife had cleft the mountain side, leaving the edge bare and the red earth filled with great bowlders ready to roll down after each winter rain.

This ledge and the deposit at its base attracted the attention of the prospector, and coming to the latter he found among the heaps of stones a huge bone, which might have passed for the limb of a tree imbedded in the soil. Following up the slope, he raised his eyes to the cliff and saw protruding from it other bones. Gradually, to his amazement, they took shape, and he saw the skeleton of a gigantic whale stretched along the side of the mountain, standing out in strong relief against the red earth. Some of the bones had fallen down, but the greater number stood in the natural position, as the monster had died, and the whale that had once swum over this spot and exposed its enormous length to the hot sun now lay stretched along the ancient sea bottom. It had been lifted by some mighty cataclysm 2,500 feet into the air, the roots of the great trees clasping its bones, the winter rains undermining it, while the sea that was once its home had receded and lay blue in the summer haze 20 miles away.

The old prospector could hardly realize for a moment that the skeleton of the monster was before him. Then, taking his pick and attacking it, he became a whaler literally among the pines of the southern Sierras.

I have since seen portions of another whale in a branch of the coast range near San Juan Capistrano, and not far distant, in a quicksand, was discovered the remains of a large elephant allied to the mammoth, while ten miles from San Juan I visited a bed of large shells that covered acres of country, so closely packed together that they were shoveled out in solid masses and ground up into lime.

Along the southern Sierras, especially in the coast range, it is possible to go whaling, fishing and shell hunting from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the present level of the ocean and with a positive assurance of finding the remains of some of these stranded animals. That this extraordinary convulsion of nature did not occur so very long ago is evident from the good preservation of the bones, and on the seashore shells are found 40 feet above high water mark almost identical with those living below them.

Several thousand years ago came the birth of the coast range of mountains. They were forced upward, and with them the entire coast was elevated. Previous to this the ocean undoubtedly plowed over the orange groves of southern California, and the great deserts may have been arms of the sea from which projected isolated peaks.

The island of Catalma probably appeared at this time, and upon its summit are found great deposits of shells 2,000 feet above the sea. With them are found the teeth of gigantic sharks that must have been nearly 100 feet in length, capable of attacking the largest whales.

The entire country of northern California presents the details of its history in stone, and one familiar with those evidences may turn the leaves and read them as a book. Among the hills that contained the bones of these leviathans I found deposits of fine clay, the bed of an ancient lake in which were the remains of myriads of fishes that had been left by the water and buried in the bottom, to be found in after ages to tell their story.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Long Felt Want.

A druggist's clerk in Boston has succeeded in making a medicine which will deprive a cat of its voice without injuring it in the least. Seven large tomcats were experimented upon last week. They sat on the peak of a roof and made frightful faces at each other for four hours without uttering a sound. —Philadelphia Press.

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration, and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she be inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came into my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles, and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

"'Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?' I asked.

"She drew herself up and said in an offended tone: 'This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep, and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer'—

"And so her tongue rattled on until I again had to stop her.

"'Now, listen to my prescription,' I said. 'Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make any calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater, do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed, and your nervous system will get rest.'

"What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

"Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did. It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity or complete loss of brain power if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers, I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

"'Keep quiet a few hours every day, and you will be a well woman,' is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it, they come back and say, 'Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription.'"—New York Sun.

It Went Off.

A story is told of a certain showman who combined with the ordinary circus performance a display of fireworks. At one town he advertised the "Battle of Trafalgar," with burning ships, blazing oceans and other magnificent effects. He drew such a vivid picture of that great naval encounter that the people from the entire countryside were attracted to see it. When the time arrived, the showman brought his guiding hand to bear on the set piece, applied the match in the usual manner and retired to await results. Several minutes passed, but no battle ensued. The showman then stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"It has not went off," he remarked and proceeded to investigate.

Again the same result followed, and again.

"It has not went off, ladies and gentlemen," continued the showman. "I will now show you the great earthquake of Lisbon." He gathered the fireworks together and filled a barrel with them. He poured turpentine over them and sprinkled the lot freely with gunpowder. Once more he applied the torch, with astonishing results. There was an explosion, and when all was over he gave a parting address.

"It has went off, ladies and gentlemen, and so has three fingers of my hand. Good evening, and many thanks. The earthquake will not be repeated."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ethel's Choice.

Amy has very beautiful hair, which curls in lovely fashion. Her next door playmate, Ethel, has straight hair and is envious of Amy's curls.

The other morning Ethel had been very naughty, and her mother, who was born in Boston, was obliged to say: "Ethel, go directly into the other room. I am going to punish you right straight off."

Ethel whimpered, "Mamma, can't you punish me the curly way?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the mother in astonishment.

"I heard Amy's papa tell her this morning that he was going to give her a whipping that would make her hair curl, and if—if it's just the same to you I'd rather have that kind."—Chicago Post.

Rocks That Float In Water.

A geologist who is well up in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water, and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubelite is one of the best known representatives of that class. The common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is "damari," a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damaraland. Its atomic weight is .5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.—St. Louis Republic.

"DIXIE."

The Tune Brought Him Close to His Old Kentucky Home.

This story is not new. It is old in point of date, though not in publicity. It is true, however, or at least vouched for as such by a New York man born in the south. And this is the way he told it in Louisville some time ago:

"What year was it that Pat Gilmore's band was playing in Madison Square Garden for the last time? It doesn't matter. It was the year before Gilmore's death anyhow. I ought to remember the date, though, for one of your Louisville boys caused me to remember every incident of a certain night that season. I'll tell you all about it if you like."

The question in the New Yorker's words was drowned in the tone that vociferated his wish to tell the story, and it was called for by a polite chorus.

"I had been to a dinner party and drifted into the Garden because I was lonely and had seen everything at the theaters worth seeing. I didn't pay much attention to the concert, and as I sipped a green mint I became interested in a young man at the table next to mine. I didn't know him then, but I learned afterward that he was a prominent young insurance man of Louisville. He had evidently been seeing the seamy side of New York for some days and had 'held up his end,' as is the custom of Kentuckians. But he had come to the conclusion that he needed a little solitude; had forsaken his friends and found the desired loneliness in the crowded garden. He picked his steps with suspicious care as he came in, but the good form of his appearance was marred only by a wrinkle or two on the linen that formed part of his evening dress. The cause of these wrinkles was apparent when, leaving the glass untasted before him, his head sank and he fell into a much needed sleep. I smiled and thought of other things until toward the close of the programme the band began a medley of national airs. It opened with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' and half a dozen other tunes followed, and then with a brassy crash the band started the air that for all time will start a-tingling every drop of blood in the veins of a southern born man. The bowed neck of the sleeping stranger swung straight and his eyes opened. Dazed by his sudden awakening, he looked about him a moment. Then, as the strains of the music swept upon his ear, he sprang to his feet, shot one hand with clinched fist above his head, and in a voice that echoed from side to side of the big building yelled:

"'Dixie, by G—d!'

"There was an instant of dead silence followed by a shout of laughter and applause. Gilmore looked around, provoked and disconcerted, and for the first time that famous band blundered and the medley continued with little regard for musical accuracy. No lobster a la Newburg was ever redder than that young man from Louisville as he sat in his chair. He wished himself a thousand miles away, but he was too game to run, and when first one and then another employee of the place gathered around him and told him he must leave this conversation followed:

"'You must get out of here.'

"'I won't do it.'

"'You've got to. You've raised a disturbance here, and you'll either get out or be put out.'

"'I won't go. I'm sorry I made any noise, but it will be bad for the first man that lays hands on me for cheering for Dixie.'

"'Come! Get out of here.'

"And just then, three tables away, a big dark man arose and came toward the group. From five tables away a little man with blazing eyes was already coming. Five—ten—twenty men were coming from this side and that. I lost count of the number, but in a moment the employees around the young stranger were no longer in an overwhelming majority, and in low, quiet tones in whose coolness lay the bulldog growl I heard:

"'He'll not go out.'

"'Not until he's quite ready.'

"'Leave the gentleman alone and leave him at once!'

"And they left him. And the crowd made Gilmore play that medley three times. And every time 'Dixie' was reached there was a cheer that made the roof ring. And that's all there is to my story except that I am going to look up that young man while I'm here, because he blotted out ten years of New York and brought me mighty close to 'my old Kentucky home' that night."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Red Tape.

It is well to be cautious, but there are times when even caution may be carried to excess. The widow of a German officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing the pension due her.

She presented the usual certificate of the mayor of the village in which she lived, to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not right," said the official in charge severely.

"What is the matter with it?" inquired the poor widow.

"It bears the date of Dec. 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on Dec. 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" inquired the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on the 15th of December," said the official, with great firmness. "Of what possible use is this one that says you were alive on the 21st of December—six days later?"—Youth's Companion.

Not Thankless.

"Well, Harry, what are you doing nowadays?"

"Writing for the press."

"Thankless sort of work, ain't it?"

"Bless your heart, no. 'Bout everything I write is returned with thanks."—London Quiver.

Not Enough Food.

Those who do not wish to see the bottom facts of the social question show an inability to get below the surface of the phenomena of want and social discontent that is common and yet remarkable. It is strikingly illustrated by the circulation in Europe, as bearing on its anarchist and socialist agitations, of the assertion that the real trouble lies in the fact that there is not food enough to go around. The logic of this assertion is plainly of the inductive order. It starts with the postulate that whatever is right. If there were food enough to go around, there should be no hunger. But the hunger is a fact which unfortunately asserts itself in a manner that permits of no dispute. Therefore the trouble must be in a deficiency of food.

Yet the persons who build up this theory to account for poverty and discontent have to shut their eyes to some very prominent facts. If the theory were correct, there should be no want in countries where there is a surplus of food. Yet one of the gigantic factors of the problem of poverty rests on the opposite fact. Ireland has suffered from famine and disorder in the very years when it exported food products. Russia has just passed through a period of famine and exported food products right through it. One of the prominent influences in the world's commerce is the abject and destitute poverty of the masses of India, who send enough wheat to Europe to depress the world's price for wheat to a level that is unremunerative for the comparatively high living farmers of the United States.

The assertion is of the same class as that concerning destitution caused by a superfluity of all staples. The facts disprove themselves. The social trouble is in unequal distribution, barriers to the exchange of products for the benefit of favored classes and the practices by which wealth is engrossed at the cost of the masses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Decline of British Emigration.

The board of trade records an extraordinary decline of emigration in the last eight months. For ten years—since 1884—the number of British born emigrants has been decreasing steadily. At the date named it was 320,119; in 1890, 218,116; 1892, 210,042—this year, so far, 97,588. How is this to be interpreted? The birth rate has shown no corresponding diminution. A few weeks ago we were congratulating ourselves—some of us were at least—upon the increase of marriages. After years of depression the matrimonial market is looking up again. That looks like prosperity. And it now appears that fewer inhabitants of these islands are tempted to seek a home somewhere. That again looks like prosperity. Yet in every trade we hear of evil times, of lowered wages, with consequent strikes and disputes. One might have expected to see a rush of farmers and laborers, growing year by year, since 1884. But the event seems to be quite otherwise. Certainly the English emigrants make a vastly greater proportion of the total number than formerly. They are not less than 61,604 against 8,862 Scotch and 27,122 Irish. Of 8,359 British emigrants to the cape all were English born saving 750. The tide ran strong in favor of that colony to the prejudice especially of Canada and the United States. The diamond fields, the gold rush and successive wars have "boomed" South Africa superbly, and the preference granted to it is quite intelligible. But that emigration generally should decline seems not a little mysterious.—London Standard.

Gruff Mr. O'Rourke.

The Knights of Labor of Washington tell a story about ex-Supervising Architect O'Rourke. When the latter assumed charge of his office, he touched a warm spot in the hearts of the labor organizations by inserting in his advertisements for estimates for public work a paragraph declaring that no bids would be received from the employers of convict labor, nor would the contractors be allowed to use prison made materials. The local labor federation was so pleased with this action that it sent a committee to thank Mr. O'Rourke. That gentleman, being of a gruff nature, according to the story, told the committee he wanted no thanks for doing what he believed to be right and preferred not to have any further talk on the subject. District assembly 66 also forwarded appreciative resolutions, which were unanswered. After that the labor unions made no attempt to fraternize with Mr. O'Rourke.

Encouraging Settlers.

The British Columbian government's new terms to settlers are briefly as follows:

Not less than 30 families shall form a settlement, and each family must possess at least $500 cash on arrival here. The government leases to each family 160 acres of surveyed land free for the term of five years, and on the expiration of that period, if improvements have been made to the value of $5 an acre, issues a crown grant. The government also engages to construct a wagon road to each settlement and provide mail and marketing transport facilities. The settlers, on the other hand, must become naturalized citizens and do their share toward developing the resources of the province.

New Labor Saving Machine.

The Lake Shore is using in unloading coal a new machine which last week unloaded 76 cars in five hours. The loaded car of coal is pulled from the track by means of a cable to the machine itself, which is worked on the seesaw principle. The car is then run over the balancing point and to the opposite end of the machine. The machine is then lowered until the car rests at an angle of 45 degrees, when the end gate of the car is taken out, and the coal slides directly into the hold of the vessel. The approaching end of the machine is then shifted to an empty track, and the unloaded car is run off.—Chicago Tribune.

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Society Directory.

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State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Dan'el McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

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County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
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County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 463 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; T E Peeket, V-P; Frank Cullen, Rec Sec, 172 Osgood st; William Garritt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 585 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcon, Rec Sec; Peter P Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; James J Brennan, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 1020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Pauline and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2091 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M Farrell, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3190 Shields-av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, the 2th of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; R Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, 2504 Butler st; M H Murry, Fin Sec; P O'Connor, Treas. Meet in Schaefer's hall, 25th and Canal streets, 1st and 3d Thursday of each month.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Tuner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6235 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

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Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 393 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, Joan Dadie; V-k't Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet first Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, President, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 660 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 2631 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and Statests.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 55 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John E McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queaty's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 13—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 15—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Canal st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemstager, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hales, Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1061 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 539 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9229 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4089 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Lafin st; R S, W C Hastings, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Euler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 a Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school Hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 2192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John C Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Keeler av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3725 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3600 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2091 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in school hall,

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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

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HUNTING CASE.
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OPEN FACE.
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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prep

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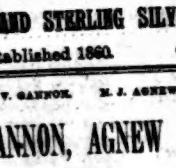

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ESTATE OF MARTIN DELANEY, Deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Delaney, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, November 30, 1894.

MARGARET DELANEY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Martin Delaney, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Executrix.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PATRICK KENNEDY, Deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kennedy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, November 30, 1894.

PATRICK BYRNE,
Administrator, with the will annexed of Patrick Kennedy, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Administrator, with the will annexed.

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Gallon cans Maple Flavored Syrup	39 cents
7 lbs Pure New York Buckwheat	25 cents
A 6-lb air-tight can After-Dinner Java Coffee	$1.50
10,000 lbs new mixed Nuts, per lb	8 cents
10,000 lbs new Brazil Nuts, per lb	6 cents
10,000 lbs old-fashioned Black Walnuts, per lb. Just as you used to pick them from the trees.	2 cents
New Citron, Orange, or Lemon Peel, per lb	15 cents
1-lb packages best quality Corn Starch	3 cents
2-lb cans Apricot, Blackberry and Raspberry Jam	10 cents
Evaporated California Pears, per lb	5 cents
50 lbs California Prunes for	$1.00
Job lot Laundry Soap—will close out at, per bar	3 cents
3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes	9 cents
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly	39 cents
27-ounce bottles Spanish Queen Olives	19 cents
Old and Dry Popcorn, per lb	5 cents
25 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
5-gallon kegs Best Gherkin Pickles for	$1.00
Dairy Butterine, per lb	11 cents
New Sugar Corn, per can 5 cents, per doz	55 cents
Bulk Italian Macaroni, per lb	5 cents
1,000 lbs Good Sample Tea, per lb	15 cents

FOR CHRISTMAS.

A 21-inch partly dressed Washable Doll	19 cents

FOR EVERY DAY.

10 lbs Washing Soda	9 cents
Fresh Cocoa Shells, per lb	2½ cents
100 2-grain Quinine Pills for	19 cents
25-lb boxes Oyster, Soda, or Butter Crackers	79 cents
Crown Brand Condensed Milk, per can	4½ cents
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes, per can	6 cents
9 lbs Ground Coffee for	$1.00
5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
New Tomato Catsup, per bottle	6 cents
¼-lb box (5 lbs net) California London Layer Raisins	25 cents
Gallon cans Open Kettle Cooking Molasses	39 cents

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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s

"Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	45 cents
50-lb Bags, each	90 cents
98-lb Bags, each	$1.79
PURCELL'S BEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT, brl	$2 60
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl	$2.99

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	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Pie Peaches	9 cts	$1.00
3-lb cans Nan White Table Peaches	10 cts	1.20
3-lb cans Nan Yellow Table Peaches	11 cts	1.30
3-lb cans Bonanza California Peaches	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans Lemon Cling California Peaches	13 cts	1.50
3-lb cans No Label California Peaches	14 cts	1.55
3-lb cans West Coast California Peaches	15 cts	1.70
3-lb cans Fancy Heavy Sirup California Peaches	17 cts	2.00
3-lb cans California Pears	15 cts	1.60
3-lb cans California Greengages	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Gold Drop	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes	9 cts	1.05
3-lb cans Universal Apricots	10 cts	1.20
3-lb cans Arrowhead Apricots	11 cts	1.30
3-lb cans California Black Cherries	15 cts	1.75
3-lb cans California White Cherries	15 cts	1.75
2-lb cans Union Grated Pineapple	12 cts	1.40
2-lb cans Union Sliced Pineapple	11 cts	1.30
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Pineapple	12 cts	1.40
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Pineapple	13 cts	1.50
2-lb cans Blueberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Blackberries	9 cts	.90
2-lb cans Raspberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Strawberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Gooseberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Red Cherries	10 cts	1.20

BUTTERINE.

Common Butterine, per pail	$ .89
Plain Dairy, per pail	.99
Reliable Dairy, per pail	1.25
Wisconsin Dairy, per pail	1.50
Purity Creamery, per pail	1.70

We would especially recommend our Purity Creamery Butterine. It has a fine flavor, is perfectly clean and healthy, and keeps very much better than Creamery butter.

After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb ..... 25 Cts.

Dried Fruits.

	Full pkg.	Broken pkg. per lb.
RAISINS.		
Raisins, California, London layers, 20-lb box, 1894	89	8
Raisins, California, London layers, good quality, ½ bxs	25	
Raisins, Cal. loose muscatels, choice new crop 1894, 20 lbs in a box, per box	69	3½
Raisins, Valencia, crop 1893, about 55 lbs in a box, pr lb.	5	8
Raisins, Imported, Sultana, seedless, sweet, choice, about 20 lbs in a box	9	12
CURRANTS.		
Currants, English crop, 1893, about 320 lbs in a brl	2½	5
Currants, Vostizza, very clean and wholesome, 25-lb boxes	7	9
PRUNES.		
California French Prunes, large, elegant fruit, 25 and 55-lbs boxes	9	12
Prunes, Turkish, crop 1893, about 220 lbs in a brl	4	5
Prune Slabs, 70 lbs in bag	2½	3½
APPLES.		
Michigan, evaporated, white fruit, 50 lbs in box	7	9
New Alden, evaporated, fancy white fruit—all rings	8½	12
PEARS.		
Pears, California, 25-lb boxes pared	5	
Whole dried German pears	10	11

Cigars and Tobacco.

K. W. Extra, 50 in box	45 cts
Henry Clay, 50 in box	49 cts
Brass Buttons, 50 in box	50 cts
Dolorosa Long Filler, 50 in box	69 cts
Cuban Beauties, long filler, 50 in box	80 cts
Wing Shot, 50 in box	85 cts
Hand-made long Havana filler, union label, 50 in box	$1.00
Yum Yum, per lb	27½ cts
Sensation Cut Plug, per lb	27½ cts
Climax Plug, per lb	36 cts
Piper Heidsieck, per lb	49 cts
S. of N. C. Cut Plug, ½, per lb	49 cts
Pas Favorit, long Havana filler, extra fine Sumatra wrapper, 50 in box	$1.50
Manuel Garcia, K. W., long Havana filler, 50 in box	$1.90
Havana Straight, clear Havana, 50 in box	$2.50

TEAS.

5-lb caddies new crop Japan Tea	.99 cts
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cts
New Crop Japan Tea Dust, per lb.	5 cts
Natural Leaf Japan Tea, per lb	12 cts
Regular Japan Tea, per lb	13 cts
8 lbs Young Hyson Tea for	$1.00
Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb	25 cts
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, lb	35 cts

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